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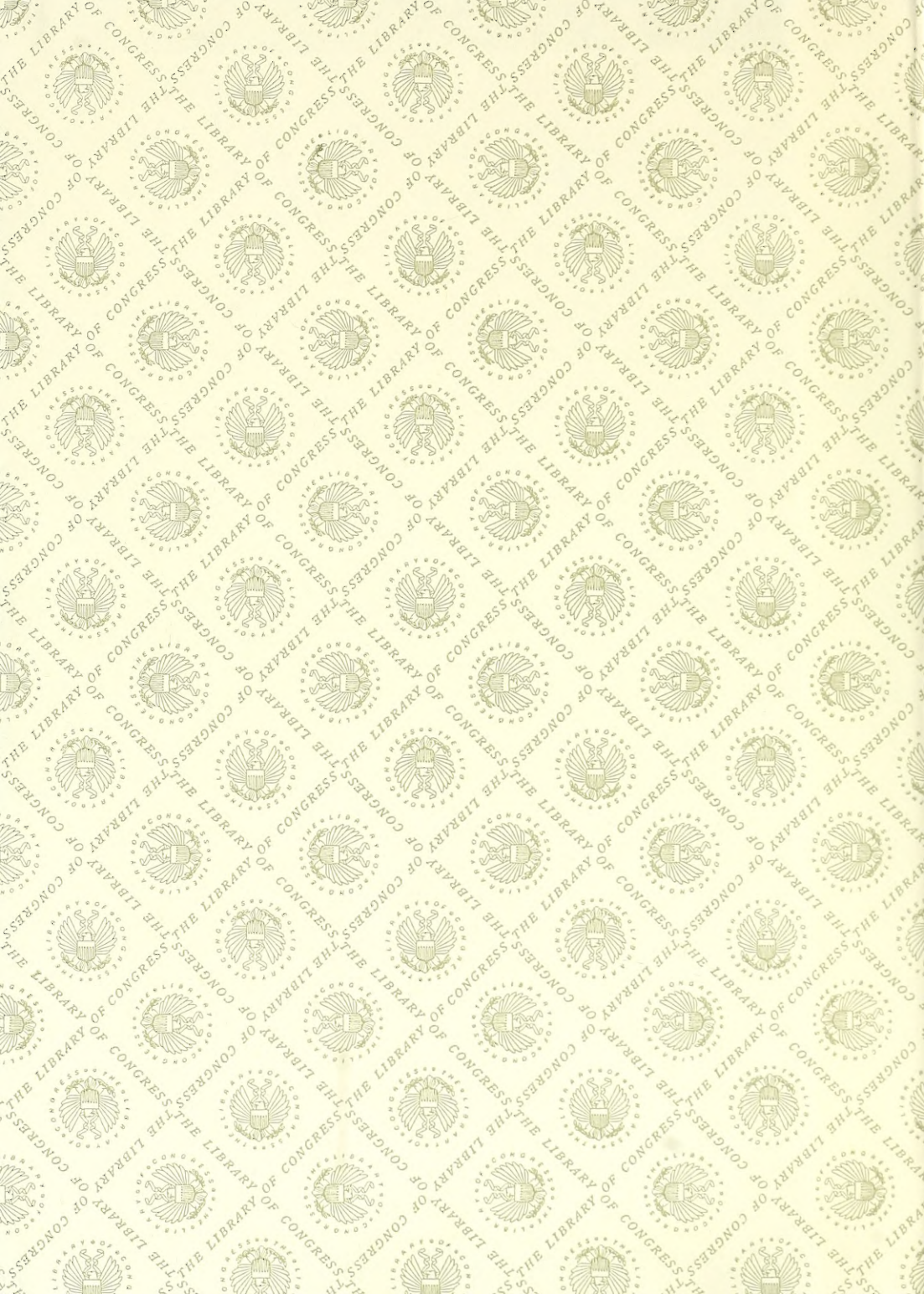
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"Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well, that is, to understand,"
- Ben Jonson

"May I reach
That purest heaven - be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."
- George Eliot.

"Poet! court not the favor of the many!
For short-lived are the transports of applause,
And fools shall sit in judgement over thee,
And thou shalt hear the world's unfeeling laugh.
Be thou through all impassive, strong, and stern.
Thou art a king; so live - alone. The path
Truly pursue where thy free genius calls,
Matur'ing ever the fruits of loving thought,
Demanding no reward for work achieved
'Tis in thyself. Thyself, thy judge supreme;
No critic's censure more severe than thine."
- From the Russian of Pushkin, by V. Ragozin.

The Great Interrogations.

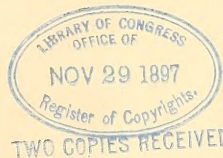
"Have we not all one Father? Hath
not one God created us?"

- Malachi.

"If a man die shall he live again?"

- Job.

Clarence ^{Augustus} Buskirk.



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(Introductory Lines.)

God's Ladder.

God descends to man as man ascends
to God,
And the ladder stands forever;
It stood at Adam's birth, with its foot
upon the earth,
And its rounds are waiting ever
For man's holiest endeavor.

Man ascends to God, as spirit, not as
clay,
And his progress is forever;
'Tis true, at intervals, that he backward
Slips and falls,
But the rounds are waiting ever
For man's holiest endeavor.

The Unnumbered Army.

Legion after legion,
We are hastening on
To an unmapped region,
With faces white and wan;
Knowing it is a journey from which we come
not back,
Though a million suns may visit the
earth's celestial track.

Legion after legion
Has already gone
To that unknown region
To which we're hasting on,-
Legions beyond all numbers as billows
Of the sea,
And the legions still shall muster
As long as time shall be.

Every heart's pulsation
Numbers a recruit
Summoned to his station
In the columns mute
Marching, a shadow-army, along
A road unknown
To an undiscovered country of which
No map is shown.

Son must leave mother,
Mother forsake son,
Sister part from brother;-
Of our race not one
Gentle or vile, though hidden beyond
All human eye,
But must join those silent columns
That march forever by.

Sad farewells we render
To the loved who go,

Introductory Lines.

And our hearts are tender
 Beneath the cruel cross;
 Often, in fierce rebellion, we glare
 upon the skies,
 But the stars and earth are silent to
 our agonizing cries.

Courage! O my brethren!
 Courage, one and all!
 Though the dull air smother
 your voices when ye call,
 Though the impassive mountains
 hear not when ye bewail,
 Though uncaring for our sorrows are the
 land stream and vale.

Neither thought nor feeling
 Live in things of clay,
 There is no revealing
 Of soul to such as they!
 Nature can show no token of sym-
 pathy for man,
 For it has no thought-revelation
 throughout its utmost span.

But the thought-revelation
 Which we know within,
 Gladness and contrition,
 Our very power to sin,

Point is to show things better than Har-
t's relation can show,
And the few that are in feelings when first
we meet the old man's Knot.

Longer in some estate
Than from basis of space
Again the boundaries of the
That the old man's Knot.

Marching, a Spirit-army, we know
That you have made,
And that Love has made the world and
And the world has made!

The Relation to the World.

Look, then, at the world as you see it,
Thou hast first to be a man of the world,
No noisy fiddle, no noisy dance,
No idle Latin, no idle Greek,
For thou art on a world of men,
A strive to be a man of the world,
List of the world's men, the world's men,
Of the world's men, the world's men,
Thou canst see the world's men,
Thou canst see the world's men,

Refuse me the world's men,
Thou canst see the world's men,
Thou canst see the world's men,
Thou canst see the world's men,

Vile and piratical, degrade our race.

Burke once remarked of Sheridan: "His
 speeches

Quadrantaria, I and II.

It thus seems to improve in quality -
This better than to be dependent on

More canons as to how the literature
Menace its freedom and stability.

The only vital question as to Health
Expressed in young & young with Beauty?
Malodorous artificiality.

Beautiful farms owned by G. Woods,
Are but poor counterparts of worthy Mt.
Rocason and truth outbids Painter.

Our Great Interrogations.

"Have we not all one Father? Hath
not one God created us?" — Malachi.

"If a man die shall he live again?"
— Job.

Proem.

One perfect summer day,
Two poets make a pilgrimage away
From city haunts, into a solitude
Of mountain, river and primeval wood.

They have suffered, hearts and brain,
In weariness and pain;
Their souls faint, and they tire
Of all the sordid strife,
Day after day, in which they squander life
Tolling for nothing higher
Than the vile gold, for need of which the poor
Devote to carking cares
Youth, manhood, and gray hairs,

The Great Interrogations.

To fright the wolves of famine from the door,

They seek the Syrian solitudes,
Where far apart from all the noise of men,
And round the woods

Stream through soft sunlight and
serene gloom

Down the green hill and through the rocky glen,
And where the wild flowers bloom,

And joyous birds sing to the evening breeze
A song that never tires and never grows.

And there - as in the days

Of careless boyhood - they recline and gaze
Amazed in listless idleness with

A vacant gaze upon the wide-spread -

Rearing the birds into their mouth

In common talk of sky and earth -

Watching the clouds in their hazy, sickening

Like graceful swans upon the sea, -

And viewing the water

Drifting in stately

Like ships with banners streaming high

Among the floating clouds of the

And strange shapes often amaze the eye,

And "wonder" below their fancies build,

And then the eye by mortal forms unfilled,

And then the eye of regret,

The Sages - the ambitious and despairing,
 And all the human kind of longing cares.

When the day's curtain draws asunder
 To show the loveliness and wonder
 Of starry skies, they choose their camp beside
 A noble river flowing deep and wide,
 Where a majestic clam beneath the tide
 Whispers his aged tale. They gather round
 And listen to the tale of olden days.
 On man's supremest problems they debate,
 Plying their souls beneath the stars debate.

How long for hours in the night,
 The buzzing cars which feather and perple,
 How long the beauty of the stars
 When Delphic night the Infinite unbars!
 And how the mounting stars assert their birth
 In the firmament of earth!

The Great Interrogations.

Dialogue.

Pessim.

Dwellers beside the gutters never know
 How beautiful this world in which we live.
 The myriad flowers budding the wilderness,
 The birds that sing to us in disguise,
 The blooming valleys and the stately hills,
 The heaven and earth and all the azure spaces
 Cloud-winged and all the things that fly above
 The dwellers by the gutters know these not
 As they are known in paths of solitude.
 The Diabolus mighty disk hides earth and heaven
 The gem that glitters like a demon's eye
 Though penury is pinning by its side,
 Feasts eyes which never heed the forest rose.
 The fierce excitement of the mental street,
 The vision's chatter of the gilded hall,
 The mass ambition of the day and night—
 Such dull the taste we find not word or sign,
 Until the dwellers in the gutter know
 In nobleness of instinct and desire,—
 Their lives a fretful fever and low farce.

Optim.

The keen, benignant glances of the stars,
 The colors of the morning, noon, and night,

The sparkling bubbles on the dancing brook,
The odorous south-winds in the harp-like trees,
The smiles of Ceres, Flora, and Pomona,
The lonely mountain, the remote horizon,
All sounds and sights in nature when we drop
Our haphazard of mosaic cares behind us,
Reveal us to ourselves, and teach by contrast
The ugliness of towns and palaces;
Some magic touches us, and we expand
Towards our true stature as divinely formed.
'Twere better for us to heed oftener
The wooing loveliness that waits around us,
Roofed by those starry skies. No artist's brush
Hath ever painted in their perfect beauty
Even the charms of the most modest flower,
The moon's soft splendor on a night like this,
Or the blue infinite sparkling with stars.
The mysteries of trees and fruits and flowers,
The majesty of mountains, the strange beauty
Of sinuous rivers, the glad sorcery
Of Life, in all its multitudinous forms,
No human thought may fathom to their depths.

Fragrant and warm from mystic latitudes
Of earth and Egypt such an hour as this,
The breath of Beauty blows across the soul,
At such an hour as this our souls can hear,
And sacred voices which are mute by day;

The Great Intimation

thought a message of love and peace
 In softer syllables than speech or song,
 In the silence and serenity of night.
 It said as love to his the soul forgets
 The wear of day and bondage, and asserts
 The heritage of immortality.
 The grief of life came to his ragged shapers,
 And came and went, but this flower to vex,
 For Nature is a thing of circumstance,
 In which we live, and might her potent hand

Thought is not satisfied without expression.
 Once a sculptor's thought has found the block, the block
 The marble image, and the form of man
 The fainter's fleeting dream, of loveliness
 Seeks form and order to become immortal;
 The singer's soul must to the forming lips
 As if, it were for some celestial language,
 The poet's mind would seek to mould itself
 Like the images that are etched upon the sky
 Of landscape, or of some great scene
 Mind, once it has conceived, it makes
 Itself, for it is a thing of power
 It is a thing of power, and it is a thing of love
 In this as other things, that are the things of power
 His likeness to his Maker, that is the thing of power
 Let us, therefore, express our love to God
 With more than human love, and with more than

And, black and brown, as the consummate artist
His shapes and colors best, no rivaling
Combining harmonious forms existing
From the depths of field and woods,
Which, with a perfect frame
Of light and shade, fragments, here and there
Shapes of things, and things of things, and things of things,
Which, thus may chance to give
Highly, as the children, here, they would
Would rather, however modest, in most, in most
During the rainbow when the radiant colors
Under the earth, and sky, the progress of the
When they change, and change, and change, and change,
Of faultless beauty, the world of things,
And sun and moon, the stars, in its course,
The verdure, covered hills, the hanging streams,
The flowers, the trees, the rocks, the mountains,
Even the faintest trace of gray and blue
That speaks of the presence of the flowers,
And then, and then, and then, and then, and then,
Without the appearance of the flowers,
Without a sign of the presence of the flowers,
However, however, however, however, however,
Which, man is thus, in learning, how to read:

And it is not that man can be religious
 On the Rialto where their Glylocks scheme,
 Then in the solitudes of ancient forests,
 Or on the hills whose rattling crags among
 Echo the loud thunder, or by sounding seas,
 Or amid the blossoming and greenery
 Of common landscapes whose Arcadian charms
 Entail the senses as with sweet carresses?
 And if environment assist religion,
 Is it of reason? or, of superstition
 That comes from water, earth and air
 In forms and shapes of demonology?
 And let me further ask, Sir Optimist,
 If we drink "books in the running brooks,"
 Verminous in stones, and good in everything?
 Whether such primitive literature has power
 To influence, after all, toward nobler lives,
 Higher thoughts, or purer aspirations?
 Precipitation of some Jupiter
 From vapours crucibles of sky and earth
 Seems more legitimate to savage fancies
 Than to trained faculties of modern thinkers.
 Besides, can the elements of Nature,
 Her deafening and agonizing cries,
 Her pitiless and never-ceasing warfare,
 Such as manifest here with brotherhood,
 Or quicken more exalted sentiments?

Optim.

We can not imitate the chemist's methods,
 Disintegrating character and conduct,
 To find the properties and elements
 Of which our physical environment
 Shall be discovered as the mediate cause.
 Such studies may discover oxygen,
 But are unequalled to the more divine
 And subtle facts of spiritual causation.
 No tables of statistics are compiled
 From which man's spiritual loads can be
 measured

Under the influences of "plain or mountain,"
 "city or solitude, island or sea."

To render us an answer to your question.

The best that can be done is to consider
 That favorable results to follow cause -

The method followed, cautiously by thinkers
 When seeking with conjecture for the truth.

You surely must admit that to observe
 The miracles of vegetable growth -

This fair event which Nature's patient touch
 Paints in the sun and earth, and air -

Brings down upon our souls, so in our youth,

Comes more the conserving hush of peace.

Lived and torn souls, seeking the wilderness -

If excluded in some time and deserves a place

To learn to adore the beauty of the earth,

From all the radiant rays
 From all the sights and sounds
 From timid joy and majestic beauty
 From braiding cataracts and roaring seas
 From sailing clouds or sudden tempests
 From under the winding lanes of the woods
 From the hush of the night and the quietude of the stars
 The human mind is a vast and open space
 Which is not to be compared to the feelings
 And stinging words and the human heart
 Which fills the fatal atmosphere of the soul.
 The loneliness and majesty of Nature
 Develop tendencies, to say the least,
 To broaden, elevate and refine
 The thoughts of man. This should make men better
 Other things equal; therefore, make men wiser
 To know the truth. We have no right to look
 To Nature for our spiritual parentage,
 Or any proofs of kinship to our souls; -
 Such search would be in vain. The fact that Nature
 Can give us neither precept nor example
 To aid us or direct as moral beings,
 Proves that our origin and destiny
 As moral beings has no prototype
 Or counterpart in matter, and that matter
 Can furnish no analogies or laws
 To solve the mysteries of spiritual life.

The good which comes to man from his communion
With Nature is explained on different grounds.
The beauty-worship of the ancient Greeks
Moulded their lives and conduct, because man,
Though not created by material atoms,
Is subject to the spiritual influences
Everywhere emanating. All great paintings,
Heroic sculptures, or grand architecture,
As well as seas or mountains, or fair landscapes,
Refine and elevate. A strain of music
Has power to cheer, to sadden, to inspire,
As well as the choirs of the plain or sky.
Who doubts that song has the high privilege
Of shaping human character and conduct?
A vital something, pure and warm and strong,
Beneath the roughest of exteriors
Lies hidden, and when smote by due emotion
Reaches into the throat and fills the eyes.
The rude frontiersman listens with rapt breath
To the lone violin through whose high strains
Occasional notes of strange untutored sweetness
Transport him to Olympus, where he quaffs
The Kebe-cups of aëtar. Every man
Is capable of such heroical
When lifted to his highest by the spirit
Which glows sometimes upon us from without
Inflaming his own spirit. There are times
When every human soul experiences
The perfumes borne from some diurnal flame,

The sacred thrill of some intense life.
The music is within the singer's thought,
Not a golden scabrous war, or a joyous bird,
On a flower wedded to remembrances,
May help to float it forth on waves of beauty.
Such subtler influences visiting men,
Prove ~~that~~ something more than breathing brutes,
Reveal that ~~the~~ universe
Through our five mortal senses recognized,
Is not the true reality at all
As God-made, but a man-made fantasy -
That the real universe is spiritual,
And its material phenomena
Are human-made, dependent thereupon.
Suppose our sense of sight with greater power
Than Roentgen rays, then the rock-shouldered
mountain

No longer would appear to us opaque,
But as transparent as the air above it.
We see with all material apparitions
As seen by our senses, but if beings
With senses ~~of~~ different from ours
Lived with them, they to them were different.
God as Creator must be Infinite
Wisdom and goodness, Power and Harmony,
And, therefore, must God the universe
Lean in no jot or tittle be discordant;
And it must follow, therefore, when
our sense

Reasoning, discord it is an illusion.
 Discord, or Evil, is impossible
 From the creative view, because destructive;
 Even materialistic theories
 Of the evolution of the universe
 Refute themselves if they permit discordance
 As more than seeming; (hence, such theories
 Prove themselves foolish, for a spiritual God
 Explains the universal harmony
 Which, otherwise, remains inexplicable)
 From limited view of man to circling star,
 All things prove universal harmony
 Is the reality, else, all were naught,
 And universal harmony proves God
 All theories of evil, save in seeming,
 Oppose themselves to God - refute themselves
 From any standpoint, else, all things were naught.
 All things are good and true as seen from
 In spirit, and from God's eternal standpoint.

Pessimism

If God have infinite wisdom, goodness, power,
 Why, then, the sin and suffering on all sides?
 Is not their awful presence a denial
 Of the existence of a God in love?
 Your optimism comes from ignorance.
 But pessimism from the knowledge of the world -
 Whom so long since said the cause of life,
 A fatuous soul, the answer in its own heart.

The savage instinct of self-preservation
Breeds optimism. It subserves good ends
With crude unmannered minds. But when we see,
With an experienced vision, everywhere
The cruelty of Nature we must own
Existence at its best is terrible,-
It cannot with one ray to light its gloom,-
Its gayest plumes the tinsels of a hearse.
Nature is cruel, heartless, merciless.

Try not to be in anguish, she is dumb,
Not more than that of the tiger in her jungles.
She breeds us serpents in the wilderness,
Distils us poison from her brightest flowers,
Holds lightnings and fires tempests in her skies,
Plagues in her winds, and shipwrecks in her seas.
She freezes, burns, and mutilates her noblest
As quickly as her meanest, she rewards
The most heroic lives with agonies
The most acute. Her disregard of justice,
Truth, mercy, is more coldly supercilious
Than Nero's and Domitian's. Take the look
In a lost woman's eyes upon the man
Who has betrayed her, then consider sex
As Nature's favorite scheme. Behold the slave
In the seraglio, on the auction-block,
Under the lash, and analyze the instincts
Which Nature breeds in men. Take the lost
children
Entombed beside Jesu's. Take the poor,

Whom we have always with us with their hunger,
 Sickness and sin and sorrow. Take the mother
 Who hears the clods descend upon the coffin
 Of her dead child, Take most that life exhibits,
 And everywhere, disease and sin and death
 Are the spontaneous verities of foul, rank, grassy
 While our fair joys are tender, transient flowers
 Nourished carefully but to be swept by frosts,
 Drowned by the long rains which feed their growth,
 Or withered by the sun which paints their cheeks.
 Life at best but a faded flower,
 Pleasure, an adder coiling at its roots;
 Vanity, vanity, woe and misery
 Stand for the bitter cup we drink and sin
 Can be possible a fairer vision
 Of Wisdom, Justice, and Beneficence,
 Contrived such a malign Pandora's Box?
 This question has confronted many thinkers
 With its full iron look and agonist kiss,
 Since men first reasoned about God. He read
 The King Bible, the Pan-theology of the Bible,
 And find it counter to nature's law,
 We engrave the tablets of the Law
 Chisel out the hieroglyphs of the dead nations,
 Study the multifarious mythologies
 Of man's invention, and the pagan rites
 Of fear and sacrifice, the blasphemous
 Doctrines disgracing many modern creeds,

... of civilization,
... the finest and function back
... living

Optimism.

Why is it that despite such mysterious
... majority believe in God,
Through all the darkest centuries of man?
Why is it that the greatest sufferers
... unto God, the prosperous
... to doubt Him? Is it not because
the universal interests of man are
... with a divine,
... power and goodness
... to the universe,
... truth
... influence?
The basis of my optimism is,
That in the ultimate analysis
There is no evil, no antagonism,
But all is universal harmony.
The virtues of all material things
are the externalized ideas of God,
... the externalized ideas of man,
Therefore, ... phenomena of evil
Or discord which ... in matter,
... from God's standpoint,
... mortal minds
Because of man's inferior attitude,

For the objectified ideas of men
 Always create phenomena of matter
 Which differ from its spiritual realities.
 This furnishes the clue, as I believe,
 To many cryptic labyrinths of error
 Of the idealist philosophies,
 And shows why metaphysical discussions
 Seem futile as the task of Sisyphus
 In Tartarus. Too surely obvious
 That the result which Intellect suffers
 Must be discovered in its premises.

The sources of all realities are Good,
 The forces which control all things are Good,
 Or else, the universe impossible;
 However their phenomena appear
 To man's imperfect senses, which discern
 The universe in parts, not as a whole,
 From finite standpoints, not from Infinite.
 Hence the idealists are right in claiming
 That what we see is not the actual substance
 As it exists in truth, and cannot be,
 But that we see according to our minds.
 It follows that the more spiritual vision
 Attains a nearer knowledge to the truth
 Than the duller, and that ^{higher} spiritual
 Approach ^{higher} knowledge of the universe
 The more their spiritual vision overcomes
 The crudities taught by material senses.

It follows, also, that the Spiritual
Is the true substance and reality,
For God is All-in-All and God is Spirit;
And what our physical senses know as Matter
Is like the tin-foil of the phonograph
Whose indentations show incessant changes
From moment unto moment, while the Mind
Whose Logos dominates the instrument,
Is the controlling force. It follows, also,
The Spiritual Man is the true all-in-all
Of man - his body a mere phonograph,
Whose reflex utterances are oft mistaken
By narrow physicists for the real voice.

But let us take your terrible indictment
That pleads the utter heartlessness of Nature,
And fairly scrutinizes the inferences
To which it must inevitably lead,
Nature, all matter, all material things,
You show are destitute of moral traits,
Of every sign of spirituality,
Of conscience, justice, or beneficence,
Of mercy, friendship, virtue, love or kindness.
This proves that matter can not give them birth.
Something can never emanate from nothing;
And mind must emanate from mind alone,
Therefore, 'tis written of the spiritual man
His likeness to Supreme Intelligence.
Whence come all Moral Forces? To what realm

The Great Interrogations.

Do they belong? You prove they come from God,
 And must pertain to a spiritual universe,
 In proving Nature wholly destitute
 And utterly unconscious they exist.
 Add unto this, what can not be denied,
 That from the savage to the highest man
 The moral force, which all forms of matter
 Entirely lack, show an ascending scale
 Of evolutionary growth and power,
 Not only have you proven a spiritual God
 And spiritual universe, but spiritual man.

You have averred, somewhat dogmatically,
 That Optimism comes from ignorance.
 The basis of my Optimism is
 Unfettered confidence that God is Love,
 Wisdom and Justice, and that all His plans
 Are better than men's plans or fantasies, -
 That God does all things well, - that pain and grief,
 Evil and Sin are not realities
 From the standpoint of Divine Intelligence,
 But from men's temporal standpoint - merely serving
 As stairways in our spiritual evolution,
 (Wise old Ben Jonson hinting a great truth
 In saying, "Reckon for the gold men with crosses")
 For God can not know Evil in our sense
 Of what is Evil, all His attributes
 Proving He knows all things, yet can not know
 Aught that is Evil in its ultimate.
 Because He can neither suffer or create it,

Wisdom, Justice, or Beneficence.

If Disputes were an actual reality,

Would be constituents of everything. —

... might not invariably be four,

The chemist never could anticipate

Accurate sequences from his conjunctions, -

in the same way as in the first

The separation of electrical bodies

[Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page]

comets from their distant journeyings.

Only exist in human consciousness.

Some physical perceptions. The first three are

the only, liars. To attempt the Problem.

Granting the actual verity of Evil

the first disintegration. Dec 19

and substituted, Nature - Atoms Forces

Appliances - of necessity or because

cannot diminish the inexorable

The grandest or the simplest, star or warm.

The Great Interrogation.

(Interlude.)

The Interlude.

1.

Within the vision of the beam
 Reason came brought,
 The concept of a fairer plan
 Is possible to thought.

The brightest planet in the dance
 Of worlds that shine afar,
 How, he who is in motion on
 The road to the stars.

But when we seek the Infinite,
 Each perfectness prevails,
 The universe is in motion
 Before the will of God.

2.

The red throat of the robin gleams
 In the darkness for the song of love,
 The winter is over but the snow
 Is still on the ground.

3.

Between the mountains and the sea
 The wind is in the air,
 The sun is in the sky,
 Only to find a friend.

Is bird so blest and man so curst?
Nay, all is perfect Good,
And man, God's spiritual likeness, first,
Could all be understood.

3.

The methods of the Infinite
Rule bird and stream and man, -
What matter 't that human wit
Grasps not the perfect Plan?

Enough of God illumines our eyes
To know His ways are Good,
Therefore, our trust in God is wise
Though dimly understood.

We faster on through tears and prayers,
We run, or pause, or fall, -
What matter all our griefs and cares
So God is over all.

"And God saw everything that He had made,
and, behold, it was very good." - Genesis.

"Whatsoever good becometh thee, O man, 't is
from God, and whatsoever evil becometh thee, from
thyself is it." - Koran

"Thou lovest all the things that are," - Solomon

The Great Interrogations.

Part Second.

Dialogue.

Pessim.

Analyze not your motives and desires
Too closely; else some horrid shapes unfold,
Eyes in clearest souls. The purest ideals
Sculptured in human thought have feet of clay.
This proves our tendencies to sin incarnate,
Like the bread seed of death within our bodies,
Grown to develop, more or less, through all
Our mortal days. Evil is not a myth
Born of the colored glasses of our thoughts,
But a malignant presence on this earth.

Optim.

I speak of the phenomena of evil
From the standpoint of eternal verity,
Not from man's narrow vision in this life.
If God be All-in-All, then it must follow
That what men know as evil is a part
Of the palings of Nature,
Like the shadows which are comrades to
the sunbeams.

Of use in the Divine Economy,

Limit was set to man's extraneous thought.
 By thinking, being, probably the crown
 of a low form of Evil might regard
 one wonder-working presence of Nature
 of power which the grave-like earth envelops them
 before, from their being, the mirror
 of the glory, and shines to the sunlight,
 To light the world with a benighted night,
 To fight then in fierce battles with the winds,
 And hold its head aloft in majesty.

To me, with all her seeming cruelties,
 Nature is beautiful and wonderful
 and it may even be, for a creature
 Afford a poignant lecture to her charms -
 To me, with all her seeming cruelties,
 Nature is beautiful and wonderful
 and it may even be, for a creature
 Afford a poignant lecture to her charms -
 To me, with all her seeming cruelties,
 Nature is beautiful and wonderful
 and it may even be, for a creature
 Afford a poignant lecture to her charms -

And the things of light through these reflections
 appear to me the things which seem the truth -
 And the things of light through these reflections
 appear to me the things which seem the truth -
 And the things of light through these reflections
 appear to me the things which seem the truth -

Inevitable fact - of everything, save God;
 Except for Inequality, all life,
 All change, activity, development,
 Even all thought and all knowledge from external,
 Would be impossible. The rivers flow
 From the mountains to the seas, the vapors rise,
 The birds fly through the air, the flowers expand
 And blush under the sunbeams, speech is heard,
 And music, sweet Bacchantes, masters us, -
 The sun and moon and earth move on their way,
 Our senses learn how day and darkness differ,
 How fire consumes, how tides obey, - in brief,
 The wonder-workings of the universe,
 Because its forms and force are unequal.
 Ah, without Inequality the finite
 And temporal would be impossible,
 And all the mighty links and processes
 In Evolution, - which can never show
 The permanence of a perfected product,
 All products being only transient phases
 Of the continuous and eternal process.
 And yet, this very Inequality,
 Which proves Divine Superiority,
 Is known to mortal thought as Sin and Evil.

When we discern that Inequality
 In forms and forces is prerequisite
 For all that is good and true,
 We must deny its sinfulness,

Man offered as a substitute for God, -
That prelates all atoms are alike,
Yet generate forms, forces, attributes,
With no minor energy at first.
Equality could not precede Creation,
And thus through it, Supreme Harmony,
The lower and the higher are found in things inferior,
And thus from wisdom, power, and harmony,
A path is shown, but to a higher,
Singular to God as source and life of all.
I have seen, striking, and the manifold voices
Of sciences shall become harmonious transcripts,
And I shall be true to the human instinct
Which turns to higher living, but, not wise:
For science now begins to lift the veil;
It shows the mystery of seeming evil.
An actual good disguised - that it assists
The evolution of the human race
To higher psychical realities
Through conflict, suffering and resultant ~~strength~~ ^{strength}.

How can we know how plants
Gain qualities for harsh environments, -
How the storm oak still adds unto its strength
By buckling the storm? How eagles win
Their fibres in far regions of soaring winds, -
But for lack of wisdom to learn the law?
Through wisdom, until, science drives
The knowledge home with all-converging facts.

The Great Interrogations.

Why not some easier, so simpler scheme?
 Eliminating sin and crime?
 God's ways are infinite, therefore, must be
 In non-conformity to human methods;
 All the analogies from Nature teach us,
 And all experience confirms the lesson,
 That happiness must be a growth, the power
 For being fed by tears, the lovelier
 If shaded sometimes from the glowing sun,
 And the crown-jewel & the attributed
 Which prove the soul's own kinship with God
 Is its abiding, unchanging, true
 'Tis good, and well for wisdom's sake choice,
 Though it may seem to us a heavy weight
 Of a mortal nature, as a mortal being; -
 For to be good, without the privilege
 Of being otherwise, is negative
 And lacks those glorious qualities of virtue
 Which win the smiles of heaven and of earth.

Shower everywhere is God's eternal scheme
 Of evolution, in all spiritual things
 As in all modes of matter - His Creation
 Never completed, but perpetual
 And all His grand activities at work
 As when the morning stars first lay together,
 And never resting, from the first
 To Him as day, from the first
 Of the world, from molten earth

The Great Interrogations.

Evolved the stars from whirling globes of flame,
 Never designed men to be lazy angels,
 Standing like useless courtiers round His throne
 Tivraging their ancient harps to ancient tones.
 Eternal action is the code of God.

In groups or in divisions, forms of matter
 Are all subordinated to the forces,
 Real, though invisible, which govern matter,
 And all such forces differ in their powers,
 Just as one star from others in its glory:-
 Forces of inorganic chemistry.
 For instance, subject and subordinate
 as those of other chemistry, as shown
 Whenever living forms assimilate
 Matter arranged to suit their growth.
 But thought must spell them out from their
 effects?

And find that while all forms of matter perish,
 The forces which control them are eternal,
 The same to-day, yesterday, and forever,-
 Whatever the vicissitudes or changes
 The subjects of their empire undergo.
 Mutation is the attribute of matter,
 But the forces governing the universe
 Are incorporeal and immutable,
 And, therefore, eternal. Their source
 must be
 Eternal, incorporeal, spiritual.

Pessim.

Religious superstitions rule mankind,
As tyrannies until the intellect
Rouses into resistance. Agencies
Of the invisible world are recognized
In every fact and incident of life;
A mystic Presence broods in midnight skies,
Smiles in the life-inspiring sunshine, rages
In tempests, smites with lightnings, acts
with flames,
Glares in the gloominess of mountain cliffs;
The altar smoke with sacrificial blood;
Anthropomorphic gods dwell in the skies;
Nephtis and mermen and mermaids
Peopled the ocean; Vulcan stirs his fires
In the volcanic caverns of the earth;
Osiris is ferryman of Styx; Diana
Follows the bounding deer with bows and arrows;
Satyr and faun and nymphs bathe in
the streams,
And romp in dim recesses of the forests;
And Pan blows everywhere his tuneful reeds.
A Babel of beliefs and ceremonies
Rises in vain, and all is dire confusion,
And friendly frauds incarnadine the earth.

But men begin to look, with close eyes,
And reason soon informs them that the
beginning

The Great Interrogations.

Of physical phenomena around them
 Is all a causal chain of natural forces
 Governing matter. ~~Science~~ ^{Science} then is born,
 And Jupiter dethroned. Then soon begins
 The process of that cruel disenchantment
 In which Religious Faith finds, one by one,
 Her fond beliefs torn from her sacred embrace
 By the relentless and strong hands of Knowledge,
 Until, at length, like Niobe she stands
 Forlorn and despairing. Such the history
 Of Faith, in orient and occident,
 Whether she knits to idols, relics, totems,
 Bows down to planets or to animals,
 Uplifts her vision to the Cross or Crescent,
 Or substitutes Nirvana for oblivion.
 Meantime, Ecclesiasticism steals
 The mantle from her shoulders, and assumes
 To be her champion, and, with steel and fagot,
 With rottenism, insults, obloquy,
 From generation unto generation wages
 A strife still undecided. It immolates
 Great souls like Galileo in vile dungeons,
 Burns both Catholic and Protestant,
 It drives a Heresy into piety;
 And even now it battles in Armenia
 The helpless Christian with the sword of Islam,
 While Europe, its avowed patroniser
 Learns only how to burn him by his deeds.
 Religious superstition steps to slaughter,
 And churchcraft smells ^{at} ~~the~~ rank hypocrisy.

Science.

Bigotry is a narrow-visaged vice
Whose only aspect is thrice odious, -
First, to those covered by the Scholar's Cap
Or by the red hat of the Carden,
Or haughty turban of Mahomedan,
Or black cloth made of civil-speaking France,
But all this only beats dust from the garment,
And reaches not the marrow of the sin.
It is a disease that has its seat
In Science or Religion, but belongs
To human nature in its viler aspects.
Bigotry thrives among our scientists
As odious as among our theologians.
The latter, it is often said, have wrought
No doubt, has done vast harm. The Inquisition,
The cross, the fagot, social ostracism,
Have been its torture-tools from age to age.
It is not strange that scientists who seek
Heresetly after truth, sometimes rebel
Against such violence, and, in their rebellion,
Fall into errors, with their vision clouded
By passionate indignation at their wrongs.
Yet truth must hold its own. Science and Religion
Remember for all such errors, tracing them
To their real fountain-heads in human passions;
And 'tis but dimagogic sophistry
To charge violence on any thought or creed
For which no violence is its violence.
The science of the human mind

in the initials of astronomy.
 Supposed the moon a satellite of earth?
 True Science never moves her holy life
 In mortal vicinity of things divine,
 Though often like a devastating flame
 Her facts consume the foolishness of men.
 The avatars of Science and Religion
 Not only are throughout harmonious,
 But are immutably identical;
 Though of the saints and heresies
 These wander back and forth in various ways
 Between the saints and scientists, -
 Like the strange wings that congregate at night
 About the poles of the electric globe,
 Not visible, although new visitants, are not
 Of citizens or creatures of the light.

Passim.

Your theory that Science and Religion
 Are in full harmony, is one more instance
 Of spinning theories like spiders spin
 Their gauzy webs ~~from~~ ^{of} shining gossamer,
 Which burst asunder when some clumsy foot
 Roughly enters the fabric. In concerns
 Which touch the very essence of man's being,
 Faith seems a plant that germinates and grows
 Almost spontaneously in ignorance,
 Only to die under the sun of knowledge.
 Why is it the discrepancies in Science
 Blotter religious hope?

But the circle of astronomy
 shows the sun a satellite of earth?
 And Science never moves her holy life
 To mock Divinity or things divine,
 Though often like a devastating flame
 Her facts consume the foolishness of men.
 And critics of Science and Religion
 Not only are throughout harmonious,
 But are immutably identical.
 Though often crudities and heresies
 Have wandered back and forth in various ways
 Between the iconists and scientists, -
 And the strange wings that congregate at night
 Around the blaze of the electric globe,
 Of which, although new visitants, are not
 The elements or creatures of the light.

Pessim.

Your theory that Science and Religion
 Are in full harmony, is one more instance
 Of spinning theories like spiders spin
 Their gauzy webs ~~from~~ shining gossamer,
 Which burst asunder when some clumsy foot
 Rudely intrudes in the fabric. In concerns
 Which touch the very essence of man's being,
 Truth seems a plant that germinates and grows
 Unset spontaneously in ignorance,
 Only to die under the sun of Knowledge.
 What is it the discrepancies in Science
 That shake religious hope?

The Great Interrogations.Optim.

But is that true?

It is the fault of superficial thinking,
To leap to rash conclusions. An apparent
Antagonism may be, often is,
Real concord when it's rightly understood.
Science still stumbles along paths of darkness,
Doing her noble work as best she can;
It is impossible she should escape
Frequent mistakes, false steps, occasional falls
In the dim labyrinths through which she gropes.
The light grows strong and stronger on her way
As she advances. It is much too easy
To use her blunders for the masquerades
Of false discussion and dark sophistry;
But wisdom takes the truths she has discovered
And with fair usage bids them fill their part
Unhindered to their fullest. To my mind,
Science unfolds presumptive evidence
Of high degree, augmenting constantly,
Of God, and of man's immortality;
With multitudinous harmonious hints
From unexpected sources. Now and then
Some physicist who is an atheist,
Assaults beliefs with what he calls his facts,
Refers he knows that they are facts at all,
For strange or not, each decade witnesses
Exploded facts and theories in science.
Our senses are deceivers. He who trusts
To the appearance of things for truth.

Is much too credulous? Does the sun rise?
So thought the ancients from appearances.

Who knew the system of Copernicus
or knew the earth? Who saw a comet?

Who spoke the riddle of the Rings of Saturn?

Who is it now feels sure as once he did
that earth is cooling fire cooled at its surface?

Collapsing theories should teach us caution,
But not discourage the investigation
Of all material phenomena;

For such investigations are exalted
While in science and accomplishment,
And it is in the science of them we reach
The most important & helpful premises.

But let the scepticist remember always,
He deals with the phenomena of facts,
Not the very most dismembered facts,
And with their distant relations.

And never with the entity of truth.

For Truth is Spiritual and Infinite,
And mirrors which are only temporal fragments,
Can show but broken glimpses of her face.

Matter may show phenomena of facts,
As temporal fragments of the Infinite,

But Truth is Infinite in everything,
Therefore, not learned as an entirety

By spanning the material universe.

No sandstone-hammer or dissecting-knife
Has ever found it. Truth is Spiritual,
And when we kneel to be-called truths of Matter,

We worship idols of our own creation.
 The senses may perceive appearances
 In the material ~~universe~~ universe about us, -
 Yet who can take one cubic foot of earth, -
 Its animal and vegetable life,
 Its inorganic and organic functions, -
 And teach to us its mighty mysteries?
 We know the phenomena of matter,
 Not hope, faith, truth, love, justice, and their
 is, to distinguish from material things,
 We name them spiritual. Names can prove
 nothing.

And what is meant by "spiritual," 'tis plain,
 Depends on the individual existence
 Of God as a spiritual being. Without God,
 Spirituality is mere imagination.
 With God in our hearts, the distinction
 Between the spiritual and material
 Is one of substance and reality, -
 The spiritual is known as All-in-All,
 While the material is its utterance,
 Its shadow, or reflection, at the most,
 And man as a spiritual being is outside
 The code of the material universe.

Many physicists and chemists,
 Seek to explain the universe of matter
 Apart from mind, and to construct a science
 Ignoring God and spiritual creation,

Struggle attempting the impossible -
 Explaining the chain, not their substances;
 And find themselves lost in a maze of shadows,
 And thus must become what they can not find,
 And thus attempt sweeping through theories, -
 Conjecturing Protoplasm, Molecules,
 The Concentration of the Energy
 Of Atoms, Radiation, Polarization,
 Infinite Force and Energy of Matter,
 Atomic fantasies of various sorts, -
 In order to avoid the need of God, -
 And finding all their theories, in turn,
 Disproved by subsequent discoveries
 Of inconsistent facts. Sooner or later,
 These stumbling ^{with} ~~in~~ their caves of ^{dark} ~~dark~~
 Must learn the primal truth, There can not be
 A separate Science of Astronomy,
 A separate Science of Biology,
 A separate Science of Zoology,
 Or Chemistry, - except fragmentary,
 Therefore, defective and empirical,
 The Science leads with Universal Truth
 As a harmonious Entity throughout
 The universe whether of mind or matter.
 Instead of Science and Religion being
 Antagonistic, either in whole or part,
 They are both different aspects of the same
 Eternal Truth - hence the opposition -
 Religion, adoration and obedience.

Matter, as the Materialists define it,
 Has no existence, is a mass of shadows;
 Hence, Nature proves elusive when alchemist,
 Microscope, or dissecting-knife are used
 To penetrate into its mysteries,
 Forgetful of the spiritual government
 Which is externalized in things of Nature,
 And which, therefore, is the real integer
 To be explained to comprehend the parts.
 No true philosophy can be attained
 By searching into mere effects alone,
 Ignoring the realities behind those ^{appear-}
 Which are their causes and their ^{origin} explanation.
 Matter, as the materialists define it,
 Could never cause its own existence, never
 Could self-exist - all of their schemes of matter
 Like the toy-watch that never had a main-spring
 To make it run, Nature is manifest
 As the externalized idea of One
 Who is Supreme Intelligence and Power,
 Mind, therefore, is the origin of Nature,
 Dominates, vitalizes, and explains it,
 Is recognizable throughout its realms.
 This does not mean that Mind rules in

Matter
 But that, in truth, it is a spiritual
 And Nature the impression of God's thought
 As Nature's ^{mind} is known to God.

Then, any ~~idea~~ spiritual causation,
False, of necessity, are all man-made
concepts of the material universe—
such terms as psychological and physical
applied to mere consciousness

In terminology - Though dangerous
in tending to confuse us with distinctions
Inaccurately conceived realities

And also Psychically, for God is All,
and God is Spirit. All material things
are but expressions of the psychical.

We misinterpret and misunderstand them,
But God is Wisdom, Harmony, and Good,
And all realities proceed from God,
Therefore, can not be evil. Answer me.

Is there Intelligence in Matter? Are
self-consciousness, Volition, Faith, or Truth?
In land or ~~under~~ water, muscles, brains or
~~other~~ ~~what~~ nerves?

Upon what basis is it thinkable
that Matter was its own unaided Maker,
gave itself birth and then gave birth to Mind?
Is self-existence through harmonious forces,
(for, otherwise, it could not self-exist,)
which comes by some hap-hazard to its aid?
What it obtains is a code of harmony,
and yet cannot it create?

(Interlude.)

The Portrait.

Within my humble hall there hangs against
the wall

A fairer flower than summer garlands show —
A beautiful old face, whose gentleness and grace
Beam forth like winter flowers beside the snow.

How calm the light which lies within those dear
old eyes!

How noble the sad patience of that brow!
Those furrows which the years wore deep with
many tears —

Ah! how serene beneath life's sweet now!

As on that face I gaze, my fancy seeks the days,
Long vanished, which her laughing girlhood knew,
I see the well-sweep moss, she oft has told me of,
And forest paths her bare feet rambled through.

And then my fancy stays to those romantic days
When maidenhood built castles in the air,
And saw in bright day-dreams Idyllic valleys and
Streams

Where dwelt no sordid souls and all was fair.

Alas! all now remains of years of joy and pains
Seems pictured in that face upon the wall!

Life should bloom so nigh the
 fatal tomb
 Which in its voiceless darkness buries all!

Constant and faithful friends, within these
 lines I send
 They go to thee, wheresoever thou art,
 For, like a thousand rose thy lovely memory
 And blossoms at the gateway to my heart!

"If I take the wings of the morning, and
 dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe,
 God is there." - David.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God;
 for God is love." - John.

"For the Lord shall give that which is good." - David.

"And God said, Let us make man in
 our image, after our likeness." - Genesis.

"And hereby we know that He abideth
 in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us." - John.

"By our presence in the universe
 pervaded, even every world in the whole
 circle of Nature. There is one Supreme
 Spirit." - The Vedas.

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender
 mercies are over all His works." - David.

Part ThirdDialogue.Persian.

We see a crescent moon adorn the sky,
 When really 'tis a full and rounded orb,
 But 'tis not logical to say, therefore,
 There is no moon at all. So one it deems
 Entirely incredible that moon and stars,
 The rock-topped hills, the car on which I ride,
 The tea-gar with which I dine converse with you,
 The ears through which I listen when you speak,
 The eyes through which I gaze at things ^{around me} around,
 Are all phantasmagoria, all deceptions.
 In truth, all such to man are very real,
 However cunningly the metaphysicians
 Build webs of gossamer to snare us with.
 None demonstrate that all human knowledge
 Is traceable to the five physical senses,
 And Kant unwillingly admits 'tis true.
 Yet you affirm that what the senses teach
 Is necessary falsehood and not knowledge.
 It seems to me your metaphysics lead you
 Into rank nonsense, - makes you an agnostic
 In the only realm where man knows anything,
 And yet a dogmatist when he knows nothing.

Optimism.

Of course, it would be pretty soldiery,
To build entrenchments weak as possible,
And then persuade a generous enemy,
To fight behind them, while your cannon-balls,
Plinker with true of havoc round his walls,-
But only a duellist could be so entrapt.
You attempt to fail to catch any meaning,
And frustrate - quite unwittingly, I trust, -
The tactics of the opponent, who distorts
His adversary's thought or affirmation,
And then triumphantly demolishes
What is his own and not his adversary's.
Such methods are beneath the dignity
Of the high theses we are now pursuing.

First, I affirm that what the senses teach
Are only the appearances of facts,
And not the facts themselves, - appearances
Liable to breed errors, more or less, -
Which multiply when the observer takes them
To be the facts themselves, but which diminish
When the observer knows them what they are, -
And useful when the observer understands
To search beyond them for their spiritual meanings.
The physicist whose faith is firmly fixed
In the undulations of impalpable ether,
Contradicts the reality of colors
In the objects where his eyes seem to perceive ^{them};
Ptolemy deemed the sun a satellite,

And Joshua never understood it;
 The moon looks larger than the star beside it,
 And the mirage paints a landscape in the sky;
 The motion of the car in which you ride
 Breeds optical deceptions, more or less;
 Your eye, your ear, your taste, your touch,
 Receive you, till you seem a walking shadow,
 At times, or an embodied song.

No wonder that the Academic Skeptics -
 Believing knowledge to be wholly born
 Of the five senses - have been dogmatical
 That all man knows is that he nothing knows; -
 Ignoring, like the *Academy*, the *Academy*.

But you cannot know that he knows nothing
 Learn not be taught him by his physical senses,
 But necessarily implies cognition
 Proceeding from a source above the senses.

And I define, that when Cartesian think,
 And know, therefore they are, - or if they don't
 Their very doubt the mind prove that they think,
 And believe that they are, the dim and conscious
 Being with its bitter lash, or faith uplifts you
 Beyond the dim horizon of this life;
 When it is proven man is spiritual,
 And not

cognition, - is,

Its most inferior and delusive part,
Because Mind is the sole reality,
And sensuous objects its external Symbols
Often mixed and misinterpreted.
The fact that conscious intuition,
All spiritual knowledge is more certain
In its results than knowledge that is sensuous,
Affords an argument which has no answer.
What right have you to say, unless you know,
That all you know is what the senses teach?
And, if you know that, does it not then follow
You know that which your senses cannot teach?
Your Humanist dogma about Sensuous Knowledge
Being man's all-Knowledge contradicts itself.

Pessim.

When you admit that all our senses teach us
Is of phenomena and not of facts,
Does not your doctrine of Phenomenalism
Conduct you straightway to Agnosticism?
Agnosticism and Phenomenalism
Are complementary aspects, after all,
Of a single doctrine. Does not the agnostic
Expatriate on what we can not know,
And the phenomenalist seek to explain
That what we know is, not the thing itself,
But its appearance to our consciousness?
Where, then, is the essential difference?
Are you not traveling the beaten highway
To Scepticism, without knowing it?

By eye or ear or touch or taste or smell,
 Is shown by modern Science to exist
 As something which we absolutely know
 Outside of individual consciousness;
 As, for example, principles of Motion,
 Of Chemistry, or of Geometry,
 Which we apply in all conditions of life
 As verities in which our faith is steadfast
 As in the universal principles
 Of justice, and the like, which are a part,
 Also, of the world-soul not born of matter.
 These universal truths are not material,
 They are eternal and immutable,
 While all material phenomena
 Are changing every hour and every instant;
 These universal truths are not material,
 Because unrecognized by any sense;
 Nor are they born of matter which is finite
 For they are infinite and govern matter.
 This highway does not lead to Skepticism
 As you supposed, but to a Spiritual God,
 A Spiritual Universe, a Spiritual Man.

Pessim.

But Science deals with matter as its subject,
 And, therefore, takes and treats the universe
 As one of facts and not phenomena.

Optim.

Science investigates the principles

The Great Interrogations.

(Themselves, per contra, immaterial,) which rule ~~material~~ material phenomena. What electricity is, or is not, No electrician undertakes to say; He studies and invokes the energies which he discovers are the verities of an impalpable universe and then, safely, relying on the truths which ~~is~~ are a part of everything, constructs his arc-light or runs his iron horse wire around the globe. These immaterial, universal truths of energy which he invokes, he knows he can rely on as truths absolute, immutable, in all things infinite, - thus wholly different from forms of Matter with which he deals as mere phenomena. If scientists dealt with the facts of matter, not its phenomena, as sensuous objects, their human knowledge would be infinite and science have an infinite work to do.

Pessimism.

It seems your argument throughout is based on the assumption of the Spiritual, - whose synonym is Submaterial. Man's mind is something immaterial, according to your treatment of the thesis; but even so, it is immaterial, and you must

And God, as cause is Supernaturalism.
 This is an age of facts and naturalists,
 We have outgrown those Superstitious crass
 When men knelt down in servile fear and rookship
 Ecgotistic Supernaturalists.
 This is a universe of law and order,
 Belief in miracles is obsolete,
 And Supernaturalism an offense
 Against the growing knowledge in all lands.

Optim.

When I affirm the Supernatural
 I sanction, not deny, cause and effect
 Order and law and harmony throughout,
 But I discern the reign of law beyond
 The narrow realm of matter, known as Nature, -
 For Nature, as thus defined, embraces
 Only a fraction, not the integer,
 Of the unbounded universe of God, -
 Nature a transient ever-changing Vestment,
 A finite symbol of the Infinite.

When you deny the Supernatural,
 Meaning thereby that you deny all law,
 All causes and effects, outside of Nature
 As the material universe, you then
 Deny the reign of law is universal -
 The same as to deny it altogether, -
 And disregard the evidence of facts
 As incontrovertible as sun and stars.

The Great Interrogations.

Self-consciousness is supernatural—
If not, find in the form or law in matter
Which can replace self-conscious thought. And

where

In Nature shall the trying physicist
Find the mystery or find the cause
Of such effects as Conscious, Will, or Reason?
You dogmatize that matter gives them birth—
But cite me to your proofs! Your theories
Stand unsupported by a single fact,
Though scalpel, hammer, spy-glass and retort
Have been at work through busy centuries.
To all of the phenomena of matter
We have attached specific attributes—
Like shape, divisibility, extension,
Color, or smell. Whether such attributes
Are resident in the phenomena,
Or are no more than concepts in our minds,
Is immaterial to this argument.
We deal with them in practical affairs
As if they seem to be and treat the proof
Of our five Senses for their attributes.
Yet ever thinking to ascribe to matter
Inherent energy, or life, or reason,
Save when some desperate materialist
Seeks to escape dilemma with conjectures.
Matter is always matter and turbulent,
And matter is matter and matter is matter
And matter is matter and matter is matter
And matter is matter and matter is matter

is evident when clearly stated
by logic and experience:—

mind that objects are perceived,
not as they are if not perceived,

they are if the mind does perceive them.

the object and the mind are both

of the self-same clay and origin,

and so the mind is identical,

in form of granite, or iron or steel,

with Infinite Reality;

it comes to deal with forms of matter

with Infinite Realities.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

but of the nature of the mind.

It is not a question of the intellect,

But spiritual attributes have differ-
 From those which characterize the forms of matter.
 What colors shall the cunning artist mix
 To mimic memory? What shape is Love?
 How many inches long is Hope or Faith?
 What length or depth shall we ascribe to
 Conscience?

Where is the clay that suffers, where the rock
 That sails the empyrean like your thought?
 What germ or microbe can adjust the
 Scales.

Of right and wrong, of justice and injustice.
 How can imagination, which, like fire,
 Lives in the fire and rides the curling cloud
 Be the same substance as the forms of matter
 Disorganized by flame and ruled by space.
 Spiritual virtues and forms of matter
 Are proven distinct by attributes distinct.
 The Natural everywhere requires behind it,
 To manifest its vast phenomena,
 Super-intelligence and Super-will.
 We find the organic forms assimilate
 The inorganic forms to aid their growth.
 Likewise, we find our thoughts assimilate
 Impressions through the media of our
 Senses;

But how can we know the true
 Of inorganic or organic Nature,
 Unless the mind be super-natural?

And the life of the life
 and the life of the life

The supernatural - of which I mean
 The virtues which are no part of Nature -
 Though some may be externalized in Nature -
 Like God, like faith, religion, justice, truth,
 Self-conscious thought - the Supernatural
 Is everywhere an universe of facts,
 Of law and order, causes and effects.
 Some of its truths are better known than matter -
 Many unknown - and some day there may rise
 A Darwin of the Supernatural.

Who shall not in the future find
 The Supernatural

In the Supernatural and the Supernatural,
 In the Supernatural and the Supernatural,

Meanwhile, no steadfast virtues exist -
 The Supernatural and the Supernatural -

Indubitable, however difficult.

Meanwhile, each new-found truth en-
 riches men

More than their palaces - each gleam of light
 that falls on us from the Supernatural
 More precious to men's lives than piled-up
 treasures

Meanwhile, the race clings still, fast to its hopes,
 Its dreams, its illusions that God exists,
 And the Supernatural - and beauty, partly hidden

From mortal eyes some time may turn their veil
 More fully rent. It is this steadfast faith
 Preserves our race. Its verity is shown
 When we concede the progress of our race
 Demands Religious faith - for when faith fails,
 Ruin and darkness follow, nations perish.
 Great cities are the hot-beds of the vices,
 Where minds and bodies betray us, because
 Their keener striving for wealth and pleasure
 Breed a malign forgetfulness of God.
 Man courts disaster when he dares to scorn
 The spiritual code of God-created laws
 Which rule his being. All experience ~~proves~~
^{uprights}

To such disasters, thereby ~~proves~~ ^{proves}
 By proving penalties. So ~~sa~~ ^{sa} This ~~proves~~
 Only that men need to be ethical theists
 For their own betterment, but does not prove
 God as a verity, - as some great writers
 Try to split hairs to say, so to escape
 The inevitable logic, otherwise
 Which shatters atheism to its base, -
 As ardent sophistry, for, if Being
 In God be regressive to human kind,
 Then follows the necessity for God
 As a reality, not as a myth,
 For, the Belief in God must have practical
 Its science broader her illumination improve.
 Then we can then return to extend

To find men ready for a belief
 In something whose existence they deny?
 They dogmatize that the Belief in God
 Originates in man's subjective thought,
 Not from objective facts, - in other words,
 That man deceives themselves in such beliefs,
 And then admit that it is highly useful
 That men should buy the falsehoods to
 their souls!

Such dogmatizing is absurd, per se,
 And stubborn. Involves a contradiction
 Of their other Dogma that Necessity,
 Real and not ethical, is a creator
 In the evolution of all things that be.

Pessimism

By Supernatural, I wished to mean
 The goblins, dragons, ghosts, mythologies,
 The fear-degutting Satans, large and small,
 Which the credulity of ignorance,
 In darker ages, and benighted lands,
 Have as the warp for its religious thought,
 Which cunning Briestcraft, with its Delphic
 Its sacrificial altars, its vain pomp
 And solemn ceremonies shrewdly for-
~~knowing~~ ~~fractured~~
 Knowing its power sustained by ignorance,

The Great Interrogations.

And which, to-day, though Knowledge is abroad
With her fierce torch to drive away each darkness,
Lurks in the gauds of self-conserving churchcraft.

Optim

But that is not the sense in which you used it.
We must remember Aristotle's rule
To make our definitions accurate
Or logic stumbles, may stop it takes.
The wide distinction between supernatural
And contra-natural seems overlooked
Too often, and much thoughtless prejudice
And so much confusion born therefrom.

To say a thing opposes natural laws
And, therefore, cannot be, is logical;
But, to allege there are no other laws
Than those of matter is illogical.
Man's mind has sought the Supernatural
From earliest time, in every land and people,
Because its instinct for companionship
Is never satisfied in things of matter.
When the wild tempests rave through the skies,
Or when the ocean hurls its waves,
Or peacefully, serene, its mighty waters,
Or when primordial forces show their depths
Of shadowy solitude and mystery,
Man finds his egotism like a shadow
Whose puffed-out sides have greedily collapsed.

And feels with sharpest, bitterest chagrin
That Nature only recognizes him
As one of an unnumbered multitude
Of creatures who can exist in her way -
That Nature shows the same solicitude
For the successful structure of a flea
As for teleosts, and similar Girdain.
It is only when man as a spiritual being
Grows faint aside from Nature unto God,
He feels his kinship has been recognized
And takes fresh heart and courage. When
with Nature

He knows that he is never understood
To his true measure; and that he, in turn,
Is understood but little, - For man is
Essentially a spiritual being,
And not akin to Nature's ^{so} creatures
Measured by ^{the} ^{same} ^{measures}; and which,
when measured

By boundless time and space; are like the
thread
Spun by the spider when it swings to earth,
The joy we have in company with Nature,
Comes from the wonder-working harmony,
Omnipotence and wisdom it reveals
Like an inspiration to our upborne thoughts, -
Then to our souls like fresh, invigorating winds
From tropic islands comes the sweet perception
Of spiritual meanings, spiritual energies

Concealed beneath the flower's cloakmanhood,
 Lurking under the beauty of the brook,
 Eager in the beauty of the star. -
 When marked and named by Nature, which finds
 Her kinest in no better than suggestions
 Which would satisfy his soul's great hunger,
 That brooding thought, dark with humiliation,
 Finally knows itself as spiritual,
 Superior to Nature, and akin
 to God, and in His spiritual image.

— " —

The Flowers of Thought.

The Flowers of Thought, with their divine perfume
 How may we know the gardens where they bloom?
 Their deathless roots what suns will nourish,
 And water them with immortal waters?
 What purer light and air than leaves disclose
 Like that of the radiance of the rose?
 Not in the fields where the wind blows,
 Nor till comes the reaper's sickle to mow,
 Not where the breeze blows the poplars
 Swaying in measure till the sun sinks;
 Not fed by beams of Brazilian stream,
 Not in immortal woods where Dryads dream; -

Where nurtured then these never-dying flowers,
Which span life's pathway with their fragrant bowers?

We find ~~ed~~ their scented frames in oddest nooks -
Preserved among the pages of old books
We find their seeds blown like unresting wings
Harbour scholar sighs or poet sings.
Mayhap, these Flowers of Thought that for us bloom,
Reach their deep roots to some forgotten tomb -
Where rolls the Nile, or Tiber's turbid tide,
Or Grecian skies o'er fairest lands preside,
Or stuns the sand-blown Sphinx in mystery,
Or drift the sacred wails of Galilee
Mayhap, they lie unmarked for centuries
Deep - unknown to far - sailing eyes,
Yet hitherforth to our galleons stern more
Go dead & unperfumed from their Arabian shore.
Wherever they grow in all our hearts they own
Foes more beautiful than Grecian Stone,
And softly breathe throughout our days and
 nights
Sweet frenzies and ineffable delights.

The mind which journeys into realms ideal,
Forgets the ills and sorrows of the real -
The pen becomes the hand of Beatrice
Leading us on two realms of dreams

 waves,

And lo! it shines with beauteous palaces;
May traverse desert sands or ~~the~~ arctic

^{Snows,}
And every hoof-print blossoms with a rose.

The Flowers of Thought find not their faddeless
bloom

That fill the ages with divine perfume -
By drawing sustenance from things of clay -
Water or earth breed not such growths as they,
And Time and Space they know not nor obey.

— " —

"Why are ye so fearful? Who is it that
ye fear so much?" — Matthew.

"Hast thou not known? hast thou not
heard, that the everlasting God the Lord,
the Creator of the ends of the earth,
fainteth not, neither is weary?"

— Isaiah.

"Man's goings are of the Lord," — Solomon.

"Know ye that ye are the temple
of God, and that the Spirit of God
dwelleth in you?"

— Paul.

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and
I knew it not."

— Ezekiel.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

— Luke.

Part FourthDialogue.Desim.

Your Muses here has filled me with dream,
 For I distrust but in Egyptian play
 When truth and reason bear us far away!

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Sees into things that see not I, from Earth to
 Heaven."

And so Imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, and builds her
 Form then to shape, into verse to sing, that
 A local habitation and a name,
 Which trills, like a young Linnet, in
 The world but happy, but soon
 To compare some language of the life.

Those lines of marvellous Shakespeare

do pause in our discover
 And weigh how much the
 Reason

Has been alloyed with counterfeiting fancies.
When poetry and logic flow together
In a commingled tide, I much distrust
The purity of either. Logic's office
Is stern and merciless. Its iron hand
Crushes our sentiments and aspirations
Sinisterly, and suffers not their dust
To linger instant on the scales of truth.
But the imagination vivifies
All the exotic shapes which throng around
The throne of reason, and our ear endure
Harmonious dissonance and levity,
Instead of one authoritative voice.

Wherever Reason and Imagination
In their common temple join Religion,
What an incongruous structure we behold!
Shrine and altar mingling in the same
When the foundations are all tottering!
Arches engraved with stern and holy texts,
With broken keystones of declining falsehoods!
Vast aisles through whose dim shadows
Seem to float,
Like angels' wings, man's consecrated hopes,
While the fierce vermin of intolerance
Scamper in noisome herds across the floors!
The motley structure shows the archi-
tecture
Of every age and people. It displays

The Great Interrogations.

By the answer of a higher civilization?
 Which questions throw the threshold, Scoff at them,
 And silence answers death-like, ponder them
 In patient wisdom, without arrogance,
 And mysteries unfold behind each other
 Like the gates of morning.

You charge, I am patient with the vices
 Of false religion. Experimentally
 You charge that false religions are in proof
 There is no one and no religious truth.

Do you think a wise man could entertain
 a pure religion? or transmit its truths—
 Though thundered in his ears from Sinai—
 Unawakened and uncorrupted? If to-day
 Absolute truth could be revealed to man,
 Would not strange mists soon congregate about it?
 All knowledge is a plant of gradual growth,
 Religious or profane and its perfection
 Depends upon the soil in which it grows,
 And its environment its own kind.
 The truth of Christianity which we receive
 From the foolish passion of the Gospels?
 Both Reason and Imagination aid
 Their association in our minds
 And in our being. For without the other
 It is a dynamic without its quality.
 Or candle without wick to kindle the flame.

Why have you fallen to the vulgar error
 of facts, thinking they are not trustworthy
 in the affairs of knowledge? Since, the workings
 of the imagination when the facts
 are clear, the mind is his Regent
 for the time - goes as some an Emerson did, to
 May carry him beyond all bounds of reason;
 But when the fact holds his mounting spirit
 Obedient to his check, Imagination
 is the ruler of untraveled realms
 beyond the knowledge. The prophetic vision
 of the imagination finds the way
 where science has not gone, but in-

struction
 from the great logic-
 science.
 His mind is a mountain to ascend
 and reason is the path to the summit. He
 there may reach the crown of immortality
 and

have part - a human in the world
 of reason and, yet in the world
 of the imagination. He is the
 discoverer of the material theory -
 denied by all philosophical contemporaries,
 an idea known to them they well might fear,
 that when the mind is by Schröder,
 Hilbert, and other famous scholars,
 become a part of science.

But Edison could not be Edison
 Without Imagination to invent
 Suggestions for his magic. Plato, Darwin,
 Were of Imagination all compact,
 Like Shakespeare or his melancholy Dante.
 Had the Imagination been a bane
 Or disjunction to Religious Truth?
 Placing the entire soul in Reason and Reason
 Is Beauty, Reason, and Reason only, are found
 Symbolized in the heart of the thought
 By the Infinite Word of the universe.
 When I see Reason may sketch out the picture
 Of the universe, the heart of the thought
 Is found it is not Reason only, but Beauty,
 That is the heart of the thought. The
 Imagination feeds the soul, the Imagination
 It brings a source to order's vacuities,
 Bringing a world that seems to him new-born,
 And filling it with light and loveliness,
 When Reason afterwards may pick her way,
 Representing like the image of a world
 When morning visits them with golden smiles.

The facets of the poet's soul are cut
 Better to make the simple look of Reason,
 Which is the heart of the thought, the heart of the thought,
 The heart of the thought, the heart of the thought,
 Which is the heart of the thought, the heart of the thought,
 Which is the heart of the thought, the heart of the thought.

As we look upon the outside of the world,
 From our position here, as looking at a scene
 From the ground upon the universal soil
 Of mind's experience, we have all been told
 By the great seers, "Look upon the face of the world,
 Which will reveal upon the material world."

(Note - Here insert pages 76½, 76½, 76¾ & 76¾.
 Omitted by mistake.)
 Section.

We know but little. We can measure nothing
 With certainty. And the Imagination
 Makes a world of its own, but we know it truth?

around that is a world of its own, and we know it truth?
 And every range of mountains which deludes.
 We are not sure of anything we see,
 Touch, taste, smell, hear. The mysteries of matter
 are hidden from the truth upon the shore,
 of the human mind. These up in forestal heights
 the world of the mind is a world of its own at their feet.
 About us is an universe unknown.
 Unknowable, sights which we do not see.
 Sounds which we never hear. The world of the mind
 is a world of its own, and we know it truth?
 We are the helpless slaves of our own senses,
 we powerless in their presence. Why should we
 attempt to know the things which we cannot see,
 the things which we cannot hear, the things which
 we cannot touch, the things which we cannot smell,
 the things which we cannot taste? We are the
 helpless slaves of our own senses, and we know it truth?

Is there not depth behind all fantasy?
It may be like the voices in a Bedlam,
Strange and fantastic, ^{multitudinous} it may be
Hidden in the chest fogs, in whirling clouds,
In wild distorted shapes, grotesque, uncouth,
In Dante's lurid dreams of Purgatory,
In peaceful wanderings with *Hiawatha*,
In *Hogan's Creek*, in *Jupiter*,
And all the fairest, sweetest & dearest
That can gladden mankind, in Eden's bowers,
In the most sacile mythologies,
In dreams, in visions, and in prophecies.
From the innumerable materials
Which the Imagination fabricates,
Which Poetry has oft perpetuated
By its immortal magic, Reason builds
Its slow, enduring structures for the ages.

Even Imagination can not make
Something from nothing. Though refracted
light,
Beclouded and befogged, yet the light
shines
Through its fantasies, pure and eternal;
And when man's thought, from immemorial
time,
Though in absurdest dreams and fantasies,
Has prophesied a life beyond the grave,

1877

The Great Interrogations.

Imagination has not shaped such visions
From nothingness, formed worlds out of a void,
But has discovered realms which Science now
Seeks to reduce from chaos into order.

Pessim.

When Optimism transmutates the organic
Of fact, and of imagination
Into the metallic form which truth is coined,
It proves itself sound. Your optimism
Grows fat on food which would starve
Common-sense.

But there is really nothing anywhere
For optimists to feed on except fancies.
They are a self-deceived, irrational,
Fantastic tribe, at whom the gods would
Laugh
If there were any gods left on Olympus.

Optimism.

I shall pick up your challenge, but I
Will

The optimist in practical concerns.
"Who strings the harp?" Who can the cable
Span the channel between the two?
Who governs the world? Who can the mind
Strike
That much, how many, the world is made of?

Is not the Logic of the Inductive Method
 To require Logic in induction?

Why more complaint because truth is absolute
 Quicker beyond reach? And is not the Logic
 To search for knowledge, and it is better for us
 Than any phases of inactivity;
 I would take a perfect thought to know the truth
 In all its entirety, as known to God,
 And spiritual progress must be infinite.
 Since man first made his implements of stone
 He has been learning, and he never stops;
 How small was the time of his learning!
 Indeed, there is no time to be increased,
 For what is to be increased is infinite.
 And man, through his mind of his time,
 And infinite induction in his progress,
 Of induction - and an anomaly
 Of uselessness and of predestined failure.
 And that, too, of the time glance of all
 Most capable of truth and wondering, with
Thoroughness eternity, self-concerned thought.

Logic

But logic induction is of the truth
 Begin with fact then induction
Logic and induction are the same
 What certainly are the reasons for this
 That any of its inferences are truth?

... to separate the ...
 ... thought, ...
 ... is a ... of thought,
 ... which is unthinkable, while since
 ... discovers it and verifies.

It comes to this within the realms of matter,
 ... are Caesars who have Rubicons
 ... before us, further go,
 ... to a mountain in ...

There ... in ... is spiritual,
 ... of ...
 ... the ...

... to ...
 ... as ...
 ... to us, this phenomena
 ...

... our ... of a ... science
 ... from ... phenomena.

That ... and ...
 ...
 ... the ... truth-teller
 ... and never will be born.
 ... to perfect
 ...

Still, ...
 ...
 ... in their
 ...

the appearance that best our knowledge
 lies in ourselves, not in the truth. And
 when we discover an apparent truth
 we are betrayed by our false consciousness
 mistaking some mere transient illusion
 for the eternal spiritual process
 in which there can be naught but truth.

It is impossible to cease our search
 for truth of any kind because the way
 is so dark and difficult. For instance,
 in our search for truth we are often
 always false because impossible
 to know the truth. For instance,
 we are often so sure of our truth that we
 are more sure of it than we are
 in our own minds, at the least,
 we are sure of it and not our physical

Search for truth beneath phenomena.
 Mind knows its own existence but to prove
 Matter's existence is more difficult.

For we are sure of the mind's existence
 but we are not sure of the matter's existence.

Even the play of the mind is so subtle
 that it is hard to know its own existence
 and to know the mind's existence is harder.

Though every tree vibrated with their charms,
 Rejoice, if ears could hear, they can not know.
 As you, the immortality of man
 May seem improbable, because your thoughts
 Are stained with signs and symbols of decay
 From the material universe around us,
 Until your thoughts become like darkened glass.
 Our course is a process of learning,
 That you may become our angels much
 Of nature, that is, not spiritually,
 Until thought can be to find God unless our
~~thoughts are~~

But in Christian Science we spiritualize
 All our feelings, intellect and will.
 I strenuously insist upon these points,
~~as the foundation of our faith~~
 Being to the very core of our being.

Let me repeat: God being Love and Wisdom,
 He can contain no discord and evil.
 Therefore, we are not in teaching.
 And all their seeming to make conscience
 In the material universe around him,
 Is because man sees with physical
 As transient forms and colors, the reality
 Of the infinite consciousness of the divine God
and his attributes of Love and Wisdom, and Beneficence
 In the unseen universe and in man.

that under ground him-
self, and the same thing
which I positivism would confine

Notable, falsifying marks at that —
And, but we must go on to the next,
We must explain the verities behind them,
For our knowledge rests in foolishness,
These transitional phases of — Process
To carry the phi-
Which harmony requires a spiritual God,
A Spiritual Universe, a Spiritual Man;
Which could not be a Process Infinite
Of only Matter, or Mind born of Matter,
Destitute of Power, and Harmony —
While matter is always mutable and transient,
At least, in its forms which are known to man,
Passing beyond its forms and visualizing
What, in reality, is spiritual,
Which is the mind, not by the senses.

Then his slow blow and sublime
And gloate
his slow-blowing, it does he resemble
A mighty - proud and boastful gladiator,
A club at mutilated toys.
Then sweep the ground about his feet,
Mixed with the waste of Totems, idols, gods, -
But, here and there, - splintered architecture
Or broken piece of loveliest workmanship,
Hit by some heedless blow? They are
By misapprehensions, superstitions, &c.
I would concede such work men
- were all their works, but, to the good,
And then do greater harm, can be
standing yvations. This is the victory
Should practice temperance above all others.

The venerable tree of Human Thought
is groves that while its limbs reach towards
the sky
And long-earsed congregate in its green
in the

Its penetrating roots creep in the ground
while the sand beneath them to soil
it need its strong growth, yet, here and there,
false growths and base excrescences
appear
Along its trunk, that, stay the hand,

7. 1900

It is true, however, that he really does not know
 in what remains beyond his power to know.
 Will-power has never sired an honest faith.

St. Louis

Pythagoras.

Then shapes his life like the bird builds its nest,
With twig and branches picked up here and there,
With feathers often plucked from its own bosom—
All interwoven under mystic laws
Which shape the work according to its needs.
But when is the ruling influence of Life?
For answer, earth and sky stare like the
Sphinx.

Gnostics usually admit there is
Somewhat as a material universe, —
They see it, touch it, taste it, smell it, hear it,
Each day they live. It may be quite unlike
What it appears, but it is something real
And tangible, and justifies their search
For fullest knowledge in respect to it.
But they affirm not, and deny not, merely
Declaring hopeless ignorance, when dreamers
Guess about God and life beyond the grave.

Plato.

Your definition of Gnosticism
is accurate. It deals with things it learns
through the five senses, but declines to deal
With all Religious Thought because, forsooth,
It is the product of man's reasoning!
Its definition makes it puerile,
For like objections would stop all science.

Let me adduce again the illustration:
Two parallel straight lines can never meet,
Yet they can not be traced through Space and
Time

For none of the senses to discern;
And yet the truth becomes self-evident,
The senses never carried to their utmost
Shout the truth. In every realm of knowledge,
Man trusts his reason and distrusts his sense,
Fearing his senses may be misled; but wonderful
Lest they deceive him. In all things we do,
The intellect, and do, trust reason not our senses,
For they lead to error and to pain.
The progress of science is for a moment
And physics is the child of the hypothesis.

When, therefore, the Agnostics gladly argue
That we should not believe in the existence
Of law and order, or intelligent
Design in the material universe.
Because we can not tell what they may
Originate in man's imagination thought
And not be in the power of the creative,
Then I must answer that such reasoning
Is like a man who, upon its face, shocks common sense.
Humanity would make the actions of our lives
The work of Scientists, the child of knowledge
Of every kind, the triumph of imagination.

How can we get beyond the pit lines,
the world of matter, for they build
thick on the repetition of the things
as done by matter, - hence

In motion and this Teleology,
and say that Teleology has been refuted.

When and by whom? The Teleology
which makes God separate from His universe
as a Creator was logical;

But that which finds an Omnipresent
spirit.

Of whose Activities all forms of Matter
Are transitory ever-changing symbols,
Not known to man in their reality,
But only known through their phenomena,
But whose insensuous, incorporeal laws
Are cognized by our minds, not by our
Senses,

Because our minds, like they, are spiritual, -
That Teleology which does not find
in God the Source of Evil and Discordance
But only Wisdom, Harmony and Love, -
That Teleology which recognizes
That it is logical to contemplate
The workings of our thoughts as well as
Matter.

In weighing evidence of God's existence -
For surely Thought is a part of the evidence -
That is the Teleology on which I climb

And, last assurance, to the writers
Of the higher of a spiritual being,
To spiritual be it then, in spirit true their.

Our sincere one, believe in many things,
our own in it, shielded in with false light,
yet it were good to agree their voice.
Our trust, therefore in substance things,
It to please, regarding the truth from falsehood,
Believe in it, in answer and the stress.
In answer, believe in it, in not see
Your teacher for your guide and comfort,
Believe in it, in it, in it, in it, in it,
It is not your reason to infer that in it,
That progress can your sense and make
In the path of the world, in it, in it,
It is not by knowledge, in it, in it,
In any other terms regarding, in it,
How shall I surely need the light, but change
into to-morrow morning, in it, in it, in it,
Makes the prediction, in it, in it, in it,
And all approaches set upon such faith,
In all their dealings with material Science,
Of our minds, in it, in it, in it, in it,
In knowing, in it, in it, in it, in it,
That knowledge, in it, in it, in it, in it,
That those opposing, and which are the best
in it, in it, in it, in it, in it, in it,
In it, in it, in it, in it, in it, in it.

From sunrise unto sunrise, we cannot
 In our thought and action of our
 The Infinite. What are death and
 Disease, for instance, but leaps
 into the Infinite? The physicist
 regards the Infinite in every lump
 of matter as the beginning of it or end,
 At the moment of being
 looked at as a phenomenon.
 Continuous ignorance is blindness. Let
 your glances to the skies, perceive their depths.
 Devoid to the eye, within the heart.
 But, more than all, let your eyes be
 turned

from the material to the spiritual world.
 For you are the only being of all to see

Meaning, as a distinctive sobriquet
 For those who will not say they know what they
 have known, do not know, but lived to the
 full of the experience of good intention
 so many, with a nervous variation,
 that it came for want to be employed.
 As a Greek-born, Londoner sobriquet.
 For those who have seen the world and yet
 In order to observe the universe.
 Knowledge, (sometimes agnostic, sometimes not,

A broad and mighty, but Cimmerian thinker,
Once said, from his most parental,
That "wise men", in a life as brief as ours,
Have no time to explore the mysteries
Of spiritual problems, but must rest content
With verdicts of "not known" when bachelors
Or agnostics in such mysteries
Confront time for decision; yet, this thinker,
Foreseeing his domestic pedestal,
At a later time most pregnantly admits -
That even at the master from the most
Rationalistic point of view,
Not clearly bases but impertinents
Is the assumption, that amidst the worlds
Those myriads rest not in boundless space,
There can be no Intelligence as much
Greater than man's as man's is greater than
A beetle; or, no Being having powers
To change the course of Nature, as much greater
Than man's powers as are his above a snail's;
That keeping quite within analogies
Of what is known, 'tis easy to conceive
Cosmos interwoven with entities,
In an ascending series, until we reach
Omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence;
That if man could reproduce the
series
Thousands of years ago, and penetrate

Chances in a lifetime cannot be drawn
into a narrow ~~limitation~~
as to their ~~various~~ ^{various} ~~aspects~~ ^{aspects}. They refer
rather to the stupendous problems
in that eternal universe than means,
that could include the uniquely world,
that embraces the whole Past and the whole
Future.

Strongly impressed the consciousness
with the importance and significance,
For even in order to explore the "bridge"
between the physical and spiritual, -
as well as which a order has an existence
in the universe, or where per contra,
that that is known as Physical is only
the manifestation of the Physical, -
that the Physical is the manifestation
with the omnipotence and omnipotence
The universe is also omnipresent
of spirit, in all, and whose benign
activities are everywhere spread
In the realities of the universe, -
And wise man must explore the
structure

of spiritual reality and not rest content
with the assumption that material matters
that are the main of their
existence

(Interlude.)

The Minstrel's Soliloquy
and Prayer.

A gray-browed Minstrel stood where the tide
 Of a salt-pond met strong and wide,
 (A tide that surges beneath the seamy
 Of its yellow plank both night and day.)
 Heron his face the wound of thought
 Their sense had deeply, sternly wrought,
 And Titan-like in his canopies eyed
 Were symbols, dreams and prophecies.

The busy and gay sought for the spot
 Where he stood, and needed the Minstrel not.
 For his cloak was poor, and his frame was bent
 With age and sorrows. His life had been lent
 To the search of nobler things than are sold
 In the sordid marts of power and gold;
 So the vulgar scorn of the rich and great
 Provoked from him but a smile sedate,
 For what cared he for their pomp and power—
 Those empty bubbles that burst in an hour?

While he stood and watched the human tide,
 With its dregs of squalor and froth of pride,
 A funeral train swept slowly by,

For all this time his mighty art
 Has not been used for the sake of
 Learning, what already he knew
 That modern sorrows would be led to do:-
 The sad-eyed minstrel hath only played
 For the children that in the castle dwell,
 And he saddens to find that, with his string,
 Gild him an empire of living things;
 All his skill is but baffled and limbered
 When it dares to cross the presence of Death.

The eyes, whose power is so great,
 And the hands, whose power is so great:

The eyes, that have seen so much,
 When the day is long and the sun is high,
 Leaving behind these speaking lips, their words;
 These eyes, their fires then lost;

These hands, whose busy ways
 So many years have wrestled for my life;
 These ears whose cunning hand, those many voices,
 And grief and mirth and strife;

These feet, whose tedious ~~and~~ tracks
 Have wandered far and near, and low and high;
 This curious face, whose form is so long,
 The weary brain close by.

What of the narrow gulch,
A few short years of journey and my own,
And then no ending before death's message
That somewhere is known!

What the man What am I?
I know I am not only face or brain,
For my inner being thought shells fully
Representing is plain.

What about the People hills,
As willows wave through December days?

What is it which the day with winter fills,
And grows with its days?

What with no power to think,
To mould itself to action to aspire,
To shiver at the grave's decaying brink,
To glow with virtue's fire.

The inner man is not
Still motionless in his strong or weak,
But can not be in or corruption rest,
The power to think and speak!

That Something which is I
Is in God's likeness Body Spiritual, -

Not made of clay, with snail's destiny,
And Death can not enthrall!

The Minter's fingers, and turn his look
Into his soul to read the book;
Thus, for a time, and there he finds
The peace which Prayer brings to all minds:

O God, to thee I lift my voice
In thankfulness and praise,
That tis thy will, and not my choice,
That govern all my days!

Dark was the way, and long the way,
For thy rebellious soul,
O Father, ere I learned to say
Thy will, not mine, be done!

Thy love and wisdom are discerned
When Thou art understood,
And I, at last, the truth have learned
That all thy ways are good!

Howe'er far I learned to stray
Thy love only drew me home,
And now in gratitude I pray
Thy will be done in all I do!

"Let the Lord do that which is good in his sight" - Psalm.

The only point, at last, whether that Something
Is an Organization of unconscious Forces,
Which act eternally, without volition,
Without compulsion, self-generating,
Or, a conscious and benign Intelligence.
An instance: Is that Force which Newton
named

The Force of Gravitation, self-creative,
Self-acting, self-conserving or self-conscious?
If it be one of innumerable forces
Which rule the universe harmoniously,
Whence is this? Or is it not one common

One common Entity, whose name is God?
God must be, or Self-consciousness, Volition,
And Wisdom must be attributes of it -
Which is unthinkable. And yet without them,
And without God - in the universe,
The universe is but a vast machine
Which works harmoniously through all its parts -
A perfect and divine automation -
With the unthinkable anomaly
Of generating its own motive power
Without an antecedent motion power -
Which makes its own repairs, - which finds
best methods

For all emergency, in the universe -
As when a world is born or started out,
Which breeds Intelligence, feeling, thought,

Exile.

The atheists make answer to all this,
 That 'tis as easy to conceive of Nature
 As self-conceiving and self-causative,
 As to conceive of a self-conscious God.
 The atheists assert that all the randomness
 Which points us to an ultimate First Cause,
 Are founded in Causation, Law, and Order,
 Which really non-existent save in thought;
 But themselves God exists not, save as mere
 Reasons that He exists. In other words,
 That God is a mere product of man's thought,
 As are the laws of order and causation,
 The predicate upon that God exists.

The universe is a vast paradox;
 The book of Nature only Sisyphus leaves
 Stirred by the winds which is the best
 thing that is not to have been as how they be,
 And many things were better otherwise
 than is a destiny, an infinite universe,
 Is quite fortuitous, an accident,
 a chance-coincidence of causal links
 In his development from primal matter.
 Things are not what they seem on any side,
 And man from his own mind unmind to them
 A motive and causation wholly false.
 Our solar system is fortuitous,
 Our earth an accident, for cosmic laws

By mere chance evolved them as they are,
The slightest change in the nebula
From which the elements were projected,
Sufficient to have made all otherwise;
The variation of one link
Of man's environment, or history,
Enough to have evolved him otherwise.

Continued.

The very language of your proposition
Shows its infinity. You say that also
Exists not save in man's subjective thought;
And then proceed to say that cosmic laws
By mere chance evolved the earth we know -
Thereby assuming cosmic laws exist.
The Coincidence is fortuitous
According to your theory, and you assert
The slightest change in the nebula
From which the sun and planets were
~~projected~~
Sufficient to have made all otherwise.
Why otherwise by your own theory,
Since different effects from different causes -
And thus a recognition of Causation
And Law and Order in the universe?
You claim the variation of one link
In man's environment or history,
Enough to have evolved him otherwise;
Then evolution, you confess, proceeds

And not illusions. Here is most important
 distinction, as to revelation.
 The vital difference there is between
 the forms of matter mutable and transient
 and the immutable, eternal laws
 or order and causation which control them.
 To overlook this basic difference
 is one of the infirmities of theologians.
 The danger in the danger of Supernaturalism
 is to fight to the death the inexorable logic
 of the Supreme Design as proof of God.
 That danger is a shadow which dissolves
 before the light of clear analysis,
 which at the portals of ontology, -
 like the highway of Reality of Evil -
 must frighten, as no more, no lot or tithes
 to the deductions from Supreme Design
 shall be added; for the harmony,
 the beauty, wisdom, and beneficence of
 the world everywhere, are messages from God.
 Man's kindred soul must always recognize,
 say what we will, by a process of cognition
 inevitable as the involuntary
 action of heart or lungs.

When the light of
 Newton upon the dark night of his mind
 revealed the presence of a mighty Power
 of real existence, or, would it be illusion,

The Great Interrogations.

Not as mere beautiful things to be
Not as inanimate objects,
Not as the play of imagination,
But as among the aceries which broods
That antecedent to all forms of life,
The ideal concept and ripe plan that of
Whose consummation never is a failure
Belonged to some Intelligence, Supreme
In power as well as wisdom, He who

reads

The book of Nature finds the alphabet,
speaking invariably the means and manner
Which are best suited to his purposes;
For the Divine thought is in everything.
Is not the spirit of Reason, omnipotent
The evolution of the Divine will -

From the crystal of the snow-drop to the star,
From the white flower to bark and glacier,
From singing stream to ocean's organ tones,
One of the primal thoughts revealed in Nature,
Never forgotten? Beauty is the product
Of wisdom, harmony, benevolence.

In the creature which man which man
And proves those attributes in an immense
Everywhere to an infinite degree -
Therefore must be Divine. To D.

which is the source of all the beauty and
throughout

It means the adaptation through all forms
To the environment, the vast
diversity in the material universe?
the evolution from original types
Of animal and vegetable organisms.
Better to suit them to their changing needs?
Protection from disease, - as of the eye,
Of fishes in the darkness of great caverns?
Fishes in the water with rudiments of legs,
Or lions on land with rudiments of fingers?
That means the vast succession of new forms
As new necessities of life arise?
Why do new feathers grow upon the bird,
New hands to the tree, new appetites
Of new forms develop in organic life,
To suit them to their various exigencies?
It means that forms have not yet dis-
continued.

Their evolution from primordial types,
That all creation is perfectual,
In the fulfillment of eternal laws,
For the expression of Divine ideas;
That the universe is not God's cemetery,
Whose tombstones tell us that His work
~~Has~~ is finished.

It means then ever an Everlasting Supreme
Intelligence, Omnipotent Power,
In and Eternal Substance, in one First Cause,

The, being God, rests not and wears not.
 Science has proven, and religion sanctions,
 That God in time never rests not
 And ever, not; that God's self-revelation
 Is taking place forever through his cosmos,
 In the harmonious spiritual forces,
 Which are the true realities of cosmos
 Revealing the world-soul to its likeness,
 man-soul.

As spiritually akin. Those blind from birth
 Cannot condemn that color, no matter
 How well it is paid or described to them;
 The tree, the rock, the beast, have in conception
 Of God, for spirit can not be revealed
 Except to spirit; hence, all properly
 When rightly understood, are not of matter,
 But wholly spiritual. None form of matter-
 Which are phenomenal, at least to man,
 Cannot prove spirit unto spirit. Therefore,
 Cosmos as Matter never can prove God
 To any man; the evidence consists
 In the spiritual realities of Wisdom,
 Harmony, Power, Benevolence, Religion,
 Revealed to man's self-consciousness as Mind,
 Which apprehends God, and without proofs,
 And recognizes him as man's true Father,
 Giving him the power to love him as himself,
 And thus to love the world as himself.

If this be true, what is the need of God
For the causation of the things of Matter?

Regarding man's "self-consciousness of God",
That seems to me a most peculiar phrase.
Which, I confess I do not understand.

Optim.

Perhaps, the phrase is infelicitous;
May meaning this, when man's self-consciousness

is in its spiritual I Am,
It is so inwardly, discerns
God as the source of all its moral law.
And as the ideal image of itself.

As to the motion of the molecules
Progenerated by the motion of the molecules.
First let me ask, where did the molecules
And how generated the wonder-working motion?
And where were from the molecules themselves?
Pray, did the molecules invent the motion,
Or, did the motions make the molecules?
If it were true, and not ridiculous,
Still we need God as ultimate First Cause,
Precisely as when we see a woman
do things that she cannot do without
God being different in power than a thought.

Yet no less Infinite. The atoms find it quite strange to think of God as self-existent and self-creating, but when we are brought to the fact by claiming that molecules are self-existent and self-creating? Whence is their source of creation, do they

themselves create themselves? Is it not the same to think of God as self-existent and self-creating? These infinite ideas and ideas of forces are not the same as the creation of the universe, but a complex, complicated creation. Molecular causation, governing the universe, is not the same as the creation of the universe? Suppose that the material universe has neither center nor circumference. Also, that molecules are physical, each occupying its specific space, then where are they, or are not they physical.

Could be creators for infinitude? Have they the measure of Omnipresence? If they be self-created, that implies infinitely greater God-like attributes, but then how could all other matter be then conglomerate motions and vibrations

Create, and hold together, all the planets
 Within their mighty orbits, and the comets
 On their eccentric journeys, and create,
 Sustain and govern all the forms of life
 Known to the world, the molecules display
 Infinite Power, Benevolence and Wisdom.
 If, when the molecules exert their muscles
 Some rotary or vibratory way,
 So as to stir in some unusual fashion,
 Not only lightning flashes from the clouds,
 Or the fierce cyclone sweeps the land and
 sea,

But all individual sensation, thought,
 As well as dream, sentiment, and appetite,
 Are there evolved, the molecules then show
 All of the attributes of Deity's ^{same} ~~same~~
 And all those attributes must ^{survive} ~~survive~~
 Each separate individual molecule,
 As well as all conglomerated swarms;
 And each must be supreme in all its
 powers,

Yet not supreme because the rest are few;
 And all are individual molecules,
 Yet more harmonious and synchronous
 Throughout the universe, just as if all
 Were only one gigantic molecule!
 Fall down upon your knees, O atheists,
 With all the adoration that was given

To crocodiles along the ancient Nile!
 Ye have a god at last - nay, many gods,
 Polytheist, and yet infinite in power,
 Omnipotent, omnipresent, ~~eternal~~ material-
 being - your excellence, contentment!

I have discussed Molecular Creation
 at greater length because so grossly urged
 by the materialists, & illustrated,
 it was an opportunity to utter fallacies
 of all the Hydra-headed theories
 of Matter & a Super-creation, deceptions.
 Infinite Spirit only can create,
 because no form of matter can possess
 Intelligence, Volition, Omnipresence
 Self-Consciousness, or any attribute
 Essential to Creation, or to Being.

There is another class of atheists,
 who wear their garments like Sir Oracles,
 and say, Cause and Effect cannot be
 proved,
 that all we know of things are antecedent
 and inconsequent, or all things simultaneous.
 So such vain reasoners can could not prove
 that you and I are talking here together;
 though you and I will illustrate the fact,
 Not stop to prove what is self-evident.
 Why do such reasoners go to their dinners?

There are hunger and opiate are simultaneous.
(By the way, given they are not.)
Or is it because these are common, natural
consequences of the fact that we are poor and ought to be so.
Is it that the good can be suppressed, and the
evil then, must, that cannot be kept at?
Does religion make me truly poor, by the way,
and in that poor, poor, poor, with this?
Then, on the other hand, suppose the poor are
killed, or poor to such an extent that they are
I suppose the true cause is the poverty, not

There is a new, a similar, a
discovery, a new change, a new
thing, a new thing, beneath the surface.
By science, meaning, by science, a discovery
too much, now, suppose that science is
the great power, on which, and on which
we stand, by the way, in the new
that, all morality is out a system
of social usefulness - a scheme designed
from the time of the first, from the time
through centuries, and by which, by which
that, science, and the new, and the new,
I think, no more, a new, a new,
Or disappear, from the world, and the world,
That all man's ideas, now, truth, and truth,
Justice and kindness, are not moral ideas

Unscientific, ignorant, and crude, -
 When truth is, atheistic theories
 Start all about from scientific facts.
 Atheists draw conclusions from
 Some scientific theories, but the
 Most of the world. But then to the point
 Science is not the answer, for
 They are from scientific theories,
 And are the outcome of a theory
 Clothed in the borrowed livery of Science.
 Take the maltreated creed of Evolution -
 As taught by Science, it involves no war
 With the religion of a spiritual God.

A spiritual universe, a spiritual man.
 What it results to man-made dogmas
 These are the increment, not the essentials,
 The dross, not the true metal, of religion.

Progressive Science is coming in
 To help religion, but it is not
 To be a support, not a step, of religion
 To use the word as atheistic coin.

Investigate the ~~atheistic~~ atheistic claims
 Of man's descent from some primogenitor -
 This nothing but a guess, a theory.

Untaught by Science and unverified
 By evidence, the atheistic world teach it
 As truth which Evolution demonstrates.
 And some religionists abhor the word
 On that hypothesis.

The many repetition to their use
By artists of described transitions
Has led to the most common mistake,
As Evolution are by many deemed
Religious fables, although they be, in truth,
The truest of friends which rightly under-
stands

Let our religious cowards read the tale
Of David and Goliath three and three!

With the morning sun, Lyndall stood,
One gloomy day, upon the Batterhorn,
And meditated on the period
When all that granite was a molten mass,
(As Scientists conceive, though some dispute,
And meditated on the nebula
From which our molten globe
originated,

And whether the supposed Primordial Fog
Contained potentially the thoughts and feelings
And melancholy which possessed his soul,
And straightway writes a book and answers, Yes,
And says that all the forms of life and thought
Are only products of primordial fogs,
And the human mind is no more.

Thereon, was written to the world
That Science demonstrates there is no God.
Science, forsooth! to extinguish theories

1844.

The Great Interrogatories.

The progress of Science is to put
 doubts in eagles' nests, is to mistake
 the observations of diseased conjecture
 for truth and reason.

Molecular Creation is a guess,
 And not a scientific demonstration;
 But, granting the molecular theory,
 For argument it might possibly explain
 An Inorganic evolution, it can not
 Explain the origin of the living world,
 Between the inorganic and organic -
 The living and the non-living - Its origin
 The materialist theory that burrows in the ground
 The materialist for whose materialists
 In, explore the earth, the air, the sea,
 Search for their whole formula of composition,
 They say the animals that are not yet born
 That when we find it we shall find it in the
 ground.

Of life may probably have been evolved,
 Which would trace the line of descent,
 Which surely some evolution is destined,
 Makes the Paleozoic stone with various
 Formed from fortuitous conglomeration of atoms,
 Then air is taken in evolution,
 Thus driven to postulate conjectured facts
 With which to reconstruct the theories.

the world is a very good one, and it is
the only one in which we live.

and the same motion comes. If we are to
live in this world, we must have life behind them
from them so life can come. Creation is
the individual and bioplastic as well.

And the world is the same. There is the life,
there is the creation, there is the energy
of not from god? into the world and
the world of molecules and bioplastic
is not able to explain.

The origin of Energy and Life,
the reason for the sources of their being,
the function of the universe, we must see.
Materialists strike the universe

like the mechanic strikes his machine,
but they, the grass grows, they the robin sings,
they the glad sunshine radiates all,
so wisely tempered to all purposes,
they the primordial atoms came to be -
submitted to external energy in,
or caused by internal changes.

But our lives have forces so thick and
formidable, and not so abundant,
throughout the world, in our minds,
Materialistic theories are not
and are not even such. There are
vegetations where the plants are thick and
the world is not so much.

The Great Interrogations.

For argument, grant what cannot ^{be} proven,
That molecules create, or biologists
Contrive the forms of life, - 'twould show the
How.

But not the Why; ~~off~~ it would display the mode
And process of creation, not the action.
To simplify the process of causation
Makes it no less divine, admirable;
Subtracts no item from the proofs of God.
Can you explain to me the difference
Whether the Origin of life be traced
Through all its multitudinous manifestations,
To one creation act or traced to many?
As Kingsley said - If God is wise enough
To make all things, then God is wise enough
To make things make themselves. If every-
thing

Be governed by a code of infinite laws,
Then the material operands of such laws
Is wholly immaterial to the thesis,
That the reason and intention of the code
Can not be traced otherwise than to a
Source

Which is in wisdom, power, benignity,
Fully commendable. Matter can not
Be such a Source; therefore 'tis spiritual,
And all its attributes are those of God.
God is the Source, and only Source, of all.

(Interlude.)The Clouds.

The Clouds are ever busy things in all their ways, -
Whether like sheep, sticks they calmly graze
Upon the azure fields, - or proudly sail
Like gallant ships before some upper gale, -
Or rise in mountain-chains of glittering snow,
With fantom as, and slight blue, -
Or stand like pyramidal domes and palaces
Fleeced with celestial colors numberless, -
Or move as pensive armies of thousands
Consigned to parts of harvest, fruits, and
flowers, -
Or battle high in heaven in awful wrath,
While Cossack lightnings hover round
their path, -
Or graceful rainbows magically form,
Smiling away the squadrons of the storm, -
Or stretch in roiling wreaths and diadems,
With stars at intervals like sparkling gems,
Wind - woven into light and argent lace
The maiden moon on Summer nights
to grace.

At morn'g to some twilight, and
vies the mist

These marvellous beauties are a reflection
of a beautiful form which is the
the thought to treasure, or be it is even more
up to the very edge of the brain, -
and even more, it endows each new
thing with something charms among the views.

For who knows is the end of the way,
Watching the things as they are, and
Whether it be a wonder or a miracle,
It seems to you as if you were in the world.

"There are differences of opinion too, but it
is the same good for all in all."
- Paul

"Things which are seen are not made
of things which do appear." - Paul

"Who is wise, and who knows these
things, even they shall understand the
loving - the love of the world." - David

"The good is good to all, and the true
minds are true in the world." - David

"I will give you, I will give you,
what I have, I will give you all
the marvellous work." - David

Part Sixth.Dialogue.Prosim.

May not the atoms of the universe
Be self-existent just as well as God?

Salm.

No, the first cause must needs be infinite.
It could not be substance, or singleness,
Except as such, with no limitations
Of space or time or mutability.

There is none, to the same extent,
As molecules or cells, or grains,
In the causation of the universe;
All are but mediate links in the vast

chain

Of physical creation, for all lack
The infinite attributes of a First Cause.
And, even if atoms had such attributes
Sufficient to express their own existence,
Yet whence the universal harmony
Of action and design? Whence is the

Power

The will, the thought, their own sub-
ordinate

all atoms to one common enterprise
 throughout the space, the great unity,
 marriage or divorce of forms -
 from a single form one plant to another
 from a single form one thing to another
 is not a life or death? Is it not
 that matter can create itself,
 without the aid of energy,
 by a simple, invulnerable, quite justifies
 the Parliament of contempt when he exclaimed -
 "The great God is dead there is no God!"
 - yet here the words of Shakespeare: "My soul
 is here"

To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither Supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter the hearts of both, and take
 the one by the other.

The atheists are forced to the admission,
 That atheistic views of Evolution
 Are without proven basis till they find
 An instance of spontaneous generation;
 For on that their rest all their dogmas
 Of atoms, molecules and bioplasm,
 As the creators of the universe.

Materialists have searched the wide world over
 For an instance of spontaneous generation,
 And have not found it. If it should
 be found,

Still it could only simplify, not
 But not impair the proofs of Deity;
 While, until found, their scheme remains
 unworkable.

At the same time, that not a single acre
 Of the life-swarming earth, a single rood
 Of the life-swarming seas, which could not
 furnish

Irreversible facts in evidence,
 The want of ~~any~~ ^{positive} proof should be
~~forbidding~~

If, often, the ~~proof~~ ^{proof} to negative
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~existence~~ ^{existence} of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~divine~~ ^{divine} ~~spirits~~ ^{spirits}, Materialists,
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~power~~ ^{power} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Life~~ ^{Life}
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~omnipotence~~ ^{omnipotence} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~planet~~ ^{planet},
 Once they held that underneath the seas,
 Beneath the earth, was a vast sheet
 Of ~~unfathomable~~ ^{unfathomable} ~~depth~~ ^{depth} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~power~~ ^{power} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~come~~ ^{come}
~~forth~~ ^{forth} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~uptake~~ ^{uptake}, fish, bird, beast,
 And finally, through Evolution's process
 For man himself. Straightway, the
~~atheists~~

Who were addicted to reverted Science,
 Proclaimed it as a Scientific Truth -
 A grand discovery in Evolution -
 Announcing to the world that now the link
 Between the Inorganic and Organic,
 The living and non-living, had been
 found.

The instinct of the insect composition.
 In fittest places for its progeny?
 The animals' forecast storing winter's food,
 Although no flocks as yet have taught it prudence?
 The spiders weaving their consummate webs?
 The building of the birds' nest which defies
 The mimicry of human architecture?
 The work - the strength and economy of space
 So necessary to the honey-comb?
 The marvellous formation of the work-cells,
 The manner of all the parts, of vegetation?
 The growth of sap to the extremest limbs
 The various uses of the various kinds of leaves
 Attracting insects to distribute pollen,
 As well as the various perfume they emit?
 The keen sagacity of roots when searching
 For food and moisture in ungenious soils?
 The hollow bones of birds to aid their flights?
 What mean the instances innumerable
 Manifest everywhere, that nature's economy
 Instincts and methods of things are things?
 Some form like the bones of birds and beasts,
 But has none the intelligence to build
 Bones hollow to assist the eagle's flight,
 Bones solid to support the lion's strength?
 Do either bird or beast design their structure,
 Or mind it in any manner?
 What is the meaning of this mystery?

There is, must be, a self-existent Cause
As the eternal, uncaused Life.

All things throughout the universe which man
Knows he contains Microcosms,
Perceives potent in that self-existent life,
Life is a possibility to plants,
To animals, to birds, for instance, but they
never

Perceive a self-created life, - or else
That life could last forever. With them all,
Life, at the most, is a contingency,
Change and decay their constant attributes.
They live, or cease to live, not of themselves,
But as recipients and consequences.

Reason.

Suppose mankind furnished if you
~~could look through~~ vision
Could look through mountains and see
all therein.

As now we look through air, the mountains
then

Would seem quite different to all mankind,
Not a single one would see the same.
So what is now our concept of a mountain.
The mountain in man's concept thus depends
Upon his strength or weakness of vision.

But the true reality behind it
 is the infinite intelligence in person
 which breathes life into all things

Which maketh all. The telescope reveals
 the stars and planets unknown to man,
 And each time we talk the Roentgen rays
 Give to our knowledge is our knowledge
 Of each thing that is in the world
 With whatsoever aids it may employ -
 Whether the Egyptian through his pyramids,
 Or modern Scientist with glass and spectrum
 The eye is blind to the truth that has
 In its hand and method with the truth
 Which is the source of all things

But

you find universality of law,
 But cannot prove it. Scientists perceive
 The truth, but cannot prove it -
 But cannot prove it. Scientists perceive
 The truth, but cannot prove it. Scientists perceive
 The truth, but cannot prove it. Scientists perceive

That you know nothing. This Agnosticism
 Refutes itself. Knowledge, if possible,
 Truth can be known, or else self-consciousness
 itself is a delusion, or self-consciousness,
 if it be truth, a truth which can be known,
 and knowledge of truth is possible.
 Therefore, a person can not say
 there is no truth, or that there is no knowledge.
 Postulate truth, and truth which can be known,
 and you ~~are~~ free of agnosticism
 and its self-contradiction.
 Agnosticism may mean simply
 the doubt that we think as we are
 drunk,
 Except himself. A great effect must prove
 that they know nothing, to prove anything.
 Science may change over time to that
 Reality is, the nature of things
 here at all. And science may
 be new truth upon a new system
 which may be rational.
 But not from experience in fact
 for certainty it can not know
 except as approximate to a truth.
 Science, in the ultimate sense, is
 the spiritual, not the material.
 For laws of the common world are un-
 personal,
 Eternal, incorporeal, infinite.

It follows that all cosmic arguments
Of God's existence are addressed to us
In spiritual beings, to our thoughts, not demands.
But there must first be consciousness of God,
As the Moral Rule of the Universe,
Within us, else all cosmic arguments
Would be in vain. The man blind from his birth
Can not be argued into color concepts,
Because he has no consciousness of color,
With which to weigh or comprehend their meaning.
And when the atheist avers that man
Imputes from his own consciousness to cosmos
Order and harmony, 'tis an admission,
Pregnant with meaning, that the thinking man
Has consciousness which proves him kin
to God.

The atheist affirms, and I agree -
It needs man's mind to recognize causation,
Order and law; for it is plain man's senses
Are utterly unfitted for the task.
Given as inferior medium for thinking,
The atheist admits that thought is fitted
To search for God. How thought perceives
its search,
Possessing power to measure evidence,
As well as power to search out evidence,
Is then its method to search out evidence
Merely on queries which are negative,

And on no evidence affirmative
 that thought is fitted for the
 world that comes out of him, for it is not
 so not.

What follows? Send two men who are
 trustworthy
 to see if it is so. If one does it, one does not, the one who finds it
 may be believed, because his evidence
 is positive the other's negative:

And when man's consciousness discovers God,
 it is the evidence most competent,
 And is entitled to the greatest insight,
 Not only to approve a spiritual God,
 But also that man's mind is kin to God,
 For matter has no vision, true or false,
 Of spiritual things, and therefore can not find
 Spiritual beings, either God or man.
 But when a man is wholly spiritual
 He is the proof of spiritual man;
 And when materialists deny the proof
 Of God or spiritual man because the senses
 know nothing of them, they are in error.

Refusing evidence which from its nature
is the only evidence that's competent.
Suppose a blind man testify in court
that he can see no color in a rose?
Would any court refuse the evidence,
and then who come in affirmation?

Is there a universe in existence?
Or does no universe at all, for matter
Lacks the volition to create itself.

Into organic forms of life or mind.
Or power to self-exist. Test thoroughly
this thesis; let it be the patient focus
focus

For reason's searchlight. Look it through
and through.

Can even shadows-proof be specified
that Matter has inherent Will or Thought,
Power of Sensation or Self-consciousness?

All the "conjectures" of such attributes
As being identified with forms of matter,
Are only vagrants of imagination -
"No shadows whose projection from
man's mind

Serve ~~to~~ but to hint the nature of man's mind.
Yet atheism, stubborn to the last,
Driven by knowledge from its ancient fetich,
Questions this Frankenstein and calls it real.

The First Intuition.

Option.

Your conclusion is 'in case of God
is one, and expressing' In one breath
you claim that everything is spiritual, -
that matter is no more than the expression
of God externalizing his ideas;
In the next breath, you draw your argument
from matter, or at least, material laws,
as if you were traces of a spiritual God,
- spiritual beings, a spiritual man.
The laws of nature are material laws,
the spiritual laws if you would classify
them.

Because the world is not matter only?
Is the static and dynamic energies
which Nature manifests apart from mind?

Option.

It is unnecessary to my theses,
but I might reasonably hypothesize
that God being all in all, even in all
matter,
is only for convenient identification,
even in reality is spiritual, -
that, with phenomena of variability,
of change, growth and decay, of time
and space,
which man's self-consciousness discerns
and knows

...the thoughts which the ...
 ...the ...

...an investigation of ...
 ...the ...

...you observe the laws and energies
 displayed in Nature are material,
 ...- that ...
 ...the ...
 ...the ...
 He must regard them as material;
 But if they issue from a higher source
 than what they govern, if their attributes,
 is proven in their action and effects,
 ...
 ...unlike the attributes of matter
 ...and finite

...
 They must be spiritual. There can not be
 an explanation that is thinkable
 ...
 ...

Revealed in Nature, how true is a God - but
 self-conscious and infinite. The
 immanent. In a sense omnipresent -
 an incorporeal and spiritual Being.
 whose laws and energies are spiritual.
 whose universe in its reality
 is spiritual, eternal, infinite.

Physical Science studies alphabets,
 and, like an illiterate, constructs a haphazard
 words -
 it must use a second language of words -
 but only in order to find the
 can rightly analyze and synthesize
 these alphabets, words, and fragmental phrases
 into the shining sentences of Truth!

Perhaps the sharpest peril to our knowledge
 lies in the habits of the physicist
 giving their whole attentiveness to matter
 And making a material nomenclature
 wholly ignoring spiritual relations,
 which cause confusion in philosophy;
 the weapons to slay sophistry.
 And darkening with fog the realms of reason.
 Carlyle once well remarked that Huxley
 never
 "Could be expected to discover God -
 Unless he could find Him in a chemical bottle."

They all alike are using principles
 of Unity, which are derived
 from the self-consciousness of their own mind.
 Interpreting the universe by means
 which they discern, then the universe is
 this postulate of ultimate Unity.
 Or the unbroken continuity of
 all existence, is not only made
 the true psychology, but it becomes
 the basic postulate of evolution.
 When it teaches us that all development,
 from the lowest to the highest, in plant, ~~beast~~
 beast, man.

Displays a concrete Unity in all
 apparent differences, (the actual content
 of its whole process never varying).
 We say "In progné" to the physician, -
 that he must throw away his tools at once
 unless he soon find ultimate Unity.
 In his quotidian practice which makes
 his knowledge possible, his labor fruitful.
 This Unity is Unity of Good,
 of Beauty, Wisdom, Love, and Harmony.
 In its own cycles - since it could not act
 Unity, but would be its opposite.
 Therefore, it solves the problem of becoming evil.
 And proves all good from God's eternal standpoint
 of Love and Wisdom - for to none one instant.
 Evil is actual in the ultimate.

So omnipresent, therefore, spiritual, -
 3. All-in-All, and all is spiritual -
 What are such statements the manifestation
 of spiritual energies, ideas, laws?
 Is the balance of Good and Evil
 for an apparent chance, but for divine
 in the very midst of all, and all evolves
 in God's own time, in God's own way, yet man
 into the beauty, harmony, and loveliness
 of the world, and the world is not a
 4. Finally, however, I should have inferred as
 laws which are in the impression on our mind
 some laws being non-existent, if these true
 but thoughts are from without not from within
 is one law then how many laws in laws
 think in something that the universe
 2. nothing, but only conscience and be know
 to one law, the law of conscience and be know
 twice two is four, four times four is seventeen
 We postulate the ultimate truth
 is not the truth with all the truth with all the truth
 which knows these, for the truth with all the truth
 As intellectual and moral beings,
 Or find ourselves at the unthinkable
 that all is nothing can self conscience and be know
 which knows it is the truth with all the truth with all the truth

Does mankind love justice, mercy, truth,
 When duty braids its watchword on their
 foreheads?

Why does mankind love Jesus more
 than Judas?
 Is it that, if man be merely something
 in nature's line, why is there in man's
 nature?

That mighty gulf-stream, tropical
 Gulf-stream

And never-failing in its affluence,
 Which flows from far, far
 And fills our thoughts, but calm as
 a river.

With pure-brown waves of celestial incense,
 And gentle winds as holiest aspiration,
 And sweet flows of self-forgetfulness?
 Tell me not, atheist, such capacities
 For climbing Godward are bestowed
 on man.

By atoms, molecules, or bioplasts,
 Or integral forms ~~for~~ primordial fogs!
 But not by intellect: dark gulf-currents
 flow

Without a meaning which is proof
 of God!

Herbert Spencer

asserts that theologic codes of morals
are all empirical, none rational.

Yet on the self-same page informs us that
"Wrong-goings" have habitually been checked
by pain, disaster, death; wherefore, "right-goings"
have been rewarded, and, therefore, continued.

This gives the tool for atheistic trickery

To utter that all human codes of morals
come from transmitted habits of our race,

With no indebtedness to God; - that morals,

In the true sense, are wholly fanciful,

For moral irresponsibility.

Is the logical outcome from Herbert

Circumstance and environment. Is Spencer

Himself empirical or rational?

When he ignores the root-thought, after all,

Of the whole matter? For the root-thought

Seeks

The cause why all right-goings are rewarded

And all wrong-goings punished; and it finds

In man, as a "finite" animal,

No answer to the question, but must seek

God as the origin of right and wrong.

His human codebooks has accepted those terms;

And as the origin of moral law

Whereby wrong-goings always have been checked.

None can fault the all ask for God.
The universe is not for our enjoyment,
The universe is above the creature,
The universe is of God. All human progress
Depends upon the faith that God exists.
Each blade of emerald grass that decks the
earth,
Each tree that lifts its foliage to the sun,
Each bird that breaks the silence with
its song,
The rock-ribbed mountains, all the
things of earth.
The glorious sun, the multitudinous
worlds
Shining around us, all these gifts of God,
God, the eternal and Unchangeable,
God, who is Goodness, Love, and Humane;
God, who is Truth and Justice, Power
and Wisdom,
God, the Creator, God, the Infinite!

CenturiesNear the End of a Century.

We raise our hats to Success
 And ask not what road it came,
 Though its chariot-wheels still drip
 From the gutters of Crime or Shame.

We bend our knees to the Rich,
 Though vile as the vilest seed,
 And glance with scorn at the Poor,
 Though worthy in thought and deed.

We are taught that Dollars are better
 Than thoughts which would make the world
 But the man who has wealth and power
 Though a wretch - has reached life's goal.

If we look to the east or west,
 If we look to the north or south
 We bow to some golden image
 And worship with hearts full of doubt.

We are taught to despise the beauty
 And are blind to the things that are
 Except indeed, the things that are
 To things that are hidden and real.

Not strange we are ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{marsh} ^{wood},
And ^{scold} ^{the} ^{becoming} ^{depart} ⁻ ^{condemned},
Better ^{trained} ^{for} ^a ^{section} ^{of} ^{man}
Than the ^{spite} ^{of} ^{the} ^{old};

Not strange that ^{mountain} ^{men} ^{are} ^{team} ^{robbers},
That ^{demagogues} ^{rule} ^{the} ^{State},
That ^{gold} ^{has} ^{mastered} ^{the} ^{Ballot},
And ^{Wicks} ^{beats} ^{the} ^{creation's} ^{gate}!

True, our ^{streets} ^{are} ^{crowded} ^{with} ^{traffic},
Our ^{thoroughfares} ^{glitter} ^{with} ^{gold},
True, our ^{pageants} ^{far} ^{outshine},
All the ^{pageantry} ^{of} ^{old};

True, on every side we see
The ^{marbels} ^{of} ^{thought} ^{and} ^{toil}
That ^{blossom} ⁱⁿ ^{freedom's} ^{sunshine}
And ^{grow} ^{on} ^{freedom's} ^{soil};

But this is not enough!
It is ^{man}, ^{not} ^{his} ^{handiwork},
Which ^{makes} ^{the} ^{essential} ^{odds}
Between ^{the} ^{Christian} ^{and} ^{Turk}.

If the ^{man} ^{be} ^{ignorant}, what ^{good}
That ^{he} ^{rides} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{Palace} ⁻ ^{car}?
If the ^{man} ^{be} ^{base}, he ^{is} ^{base}
Though ^{his} ^{spurs} ^{be} ^{laced} ^{afar}.

The Great Interrogations

In our race for power and riches
 We have forgotten God,
 We have broken His commandments
 And walk beneath His rod.

We must learn that wisdom is better
 than riches, though piled to the sky;
 that virtue is worth more than power,
 that justice still reigns on high.

We must learn - or else we learn nothing -
 that body is less than soul;
 and that spirit is something higher
 than mortal laws control.

We must learn, - or else we learn nothing, -
 that God is not a mere name,
 And that His can not be mocked,
 Nor His edicts put to shame!

— — —

"And when Jesus said that he was very
 sorrowful, he said, How hardly shall
 they that have riches enter the Kingdom
 of God?" — Luke.

"Whatever a man soweth, that shall
 he also reap." — Gen.

"All Things are of God." — Id.

THE CONSTITUTION

CHAPTER

THE CONSTITUTION

Life is a natural
phenomenon, and the forms of life,
the whole system, or its extension
without assistance from Divine Creation.
Only, for its growth, development
of plumage, wings, and all their
several organs.

According to Necessity and Use.
Necessity and Use may be creators,
therefore, instead of God. Fortuitous
concurrence of atoms, helped by the
impulsion
of either Necessity or facile Use,
creates the organs of the animal
according to the functions they exhibit,
and then improves them, or obliterates
them by long periods of inactivity.
Thus, Uncredulous and Creators both
are manifest throughout the universe.
Of you dispute the presence of Creators
Outside of God, how does the cunning
florist

The Great Interrogations.

Invent strange tulips to amaze his fancy,
 Or fashion roses whose sweet loveliness
 Outvie the charms of all their predecessors?
 If you dispute that there are insectators,
 Why are there snakes with rudimentary legs?
 And horses' hoofs the rudiments of fins?
 Why are the fishes of dark caverns blind?

Optim.

The atheist has four divinities,
 According to your thesis. One is Chance.
 For "the fortuitous concourse of atoms,"
 Is but the euphemistic substitute
 Invented to revive a fallacy
 Exploded twenty centuries ago
 When sophists met 'neath the Hieroglyphs.
 Chance could not rule the boundless universe
 An instant before chaos would ensue, -
 Now, then, can it create the universe
 With all its order, harmony and law,
 Which show the forecast of Intelligence?
 "If Hercules and Lichias play at dice,
 Which is the stronger man, the greater throw
 May fall by fortune from the weaker hand!"
 But Chance is a formless phantom, a vain
 Shadow

Following on the heels of ignorance,
 Whenever we attempt to give it shape,

Projected from such instances, to invade
those might exist, these causes and effects,
Or, if I please you, simultaneity,
Harmonious, and an orderly succession, -
(the synonyms for causes and effects,)
though Hercules and Lichas know it not,
The very ways in which the dice shall fall,
Instead of being the mere things of Chance,
Are a true sequence of coverts from causes;
For there is nothing that's fortuitous -
Such words no more than mere conceivances.
Where we have failed to comprehend
The sequence of results. Therefore, to
Science
Such words are alien and iniquitous;
And when a pseudo-scientist employs
them,
He brands himself incompetent, profaning
The shrines of knowledge with the gambler's
jargon.

That god you designate as Desuetude,
The Discreator, is a modern instance,
Before unheard of in mythologies.
In want of a religion, atheists
Are prone to become mythographers.
Desuetude surely follows some creator,
Before he un-creates - or he is a tangle
To make philosophy delirious.

Until an organ has been first created,
 it is neither used nor suffers from disuse,
 And Use and Disuse are subsequent.
 I grant that Habit, Use, and Disuse
 Cause changes, retrograde or progressive,
 Throughout organic life. Such instances
 confront us everywhere in everything.
 Your animals become infirm, because
 Entirely it ignores the difference
 Between creation of organic life
 And alteration in created life.
 Volition, cogitation, and sensation
 Must be inherent properties of matter,
 Or self-creation is impossible.
 But alterations of created forms,
 Through use or habit or enervation,
 Are proximate effects of natural causes.

Examine what Necessity implies
 To be creator. To discern a want
 Requires intelligence; to meet the want
 Requires volition, power, intelligence.
 Necessity, to fill the place of God,
 as the creative agency, must have
 all of the infinite Attributes of God.
 Suppose an animal has need of gas
 With different facets, or more numerous,
 You would not claim the animal itself,

...the ... to waste
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... for it to act,
... the animal -
... the ...

... through space,
... the demon of old Adam's Camp,
... the ...?

... the ... of God,
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... for a first Cause,
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The heavens are His radiant witnesses,
All things that in His glorious witness;
That man and stars have no intelligence
Is a limited God's wonderful handiwork,
And the self-conscious spiritual sympathy,
And God, therefore, as yet were all alone,
His sympathies are lost having no objects
worthy of their supremacy. Hence
that human God's spiritual image is reflected
In man has a self-conscious mind, then God
No longer is alone, no longer lacks
Rational objects of His sympathies.
Shall man be far of God in power or
goodness?

In love or wisdom? Plainly not. What
then?

Development and progress are God's

joy
In everything, and man as a spiritual
being

Is proven by his history on earth
To be included. As he grows in
structure

As a spiritual being, man not more
he feels

His kinship with God, more and
more.

The voice of God vibrating through his
being?

Find, more and more, his spiritual intentions
Lifting him Godward, more and more discovers
That sin and sorrow are the sombre shadows
Projected from his own mortality.

Man's spiritual ego is the actual man -
His spiritual personality - which finds its
Some manifestations in his natural body,
In physical surroundings, organs, faculties.
While in this mortal phase of his existence,
That man may be in touch with things of
Matter
In which God ~~has externalized~~ ^{manifested} some of His
Ideas.

The telescope can not perceive the stars,
And yet it is the worthy instrument
Through which man's various thoughts ex-
plore the heavens.

And find God's robe of cosmic harmony.
Our senses take no cognizance of God,
Yet, rightly used and rightly understood,
They serve as helpers in our search for God,
As our translations of His auto-graph
Inscribed on mistle, mountain, flower
or star,

Our varying symbols which give words and
beings their relative value with God.
But let us never overlearn the truth,
That all relations between God and man

Are spiritual, their kinship spiritual,
Not physical; hence, faith, love, intuition,
And meditative reason at its highest.
Are the rungs of the ladder that ascends
to God.

Man cannot be the spiritual peer of God,
Though made in His own spiritual image;
And the inferior cannot comprehend
That is superior, save imperfectly.
Therefore, while God is not unlike, though,
Man never can cognize Him as He is.
We know He is, some of His attributes
Of justice, power, benignity, and wisdom,
Because in proofs so frequent in all our lives;
But how remote or inconceivable God is,
How intimate or distant His relations
With human beings, of necessity,
Is matter of intuition, love, and faith,
And meditative reason at its highest,
Instead of proofs which are demonstrable
Like problems on mathematics. None

knows more
That God is neither dead nor contributory,
But an eternal ever-loving Presence
Whose vivifying power almost restrained
By His own exist, whose beneficence
And wisdom in supreme activities
At work to-day, yesterday, and forever;

That God is a self-conscious spiritual Being,
 And that as man as a spiritual being
 Climbs Godward and the remoteness of relations
 Thwart him and God must of necessity
 Diminish, and man's power to understand
 Him
 Grow with man's spiritual growth and purity.

It follows Prayer and Faith are not our things,
 Of value only for their reflex action
 Upon the nature of the worshipper,
 But are addressed to One who is our Father
 Spiritually, - whose wisdom, love, and power
 Are in eternal sympathetic touch
 With all His creatures, and to Whom all things
 Are possible, and known in verity.
 Does not the dogma seem irrational,
 That Deity so made the universe
 As to deprive Himself forever after
 Of right or liberty to interfere
 With any jot or tittle of His work?
 That God must never stir - for fear His
 movements
 May jar the something which some phre-
 nologist
 Gravely assures us must be let alone?
 That God is under a supposed embargo,
 Discerned by man, which must restrain His
 will

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The Great Interrogations.

Proven by stubborn facts that will not down
 Under the slightest that they are myths
 Of superstition or mere fantasy.

The intuitions, the supreme desire
 Of humankind, from immemorial time,
 Point all one way with sure-recurring voice,
 However blown by transient speculation,
 That there must be an Author of our being,
 That Mind does not disintegrate with being,
 That man is morally responsible,
 And not the puppet of caprice or chance, -
 That faith and prayer are often efficacious.
 Such intuitions are the corner stones
 Not of conjectures but realities.
 They form a granite cliff that stands the same
 Whether tides may flood or ebb beneath.
 It is irrational that they exist
 In vain, when we observe always the
instincts

Of animals and plants are correlated
 By actual facts in their environment.
 Why do the intuitions of mankind
 Rise in perpetual tide of being? - Of faith?
 What other cause save God be true? - Of faith?
 As well deny self - which is to deny itself,
 As to deny that every word, every action
 It thinks that it believes, every thought, every word
 In earnest faith to some superior power.

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Finding himself made in God's spiritual
likeness,

(However warped, misshapen, or defaced,)
Man learns that the process of his evolution,
While it enables him to climb towards God
As a spiritual being, thereby renders him
Able to understand God and His methods.
The crude mythologies and superstitions
Whose fogs obscured his moral firmament,
Melt under the ascending sun of knowledge,
With all their shadowy shapes, fearful or fair.
Not as a structure of bones, nerves and flesh,
But as a spiritual being, man rises to
God as the spiritual original,
The psychological perfection of himself -
The prototype of which he is in likeness,
But necessarily inferior,
For there can be, as there must be, One God.
Man's consciousness of God, and all man's

concepts
Of what God is, His attributes and methods,
Have been developing from stage to stage, -
From totems to Olympians, and from Jove
With his dread lightnings to a God of Love -
Under the laws of spiritual evolution.
This is a growth of truth and not of falsehood, -
There is no evolution for a lie,
But it destroys itself - such are the workings
Forever witnessed in all things that be.

Man's spiritual evolution teaches God.
At every step. For an example, take
Christ's teaching of the Fatherhood of God,
And Brotherhood of Men, that God is Love,
And Love the high fulfillment of His Law.
That seed has slowly ripened in men's thoughts,
Against man-made theologies and dogmas,
Slowly but surely. It was so opposed
To what the Scribes had taught, they scoffed
and jeered;

It so opposes what our carnal thoughts
Insidiously suggest as selfish good,
That even those professing to be Christians,
Too many in the past, too many now,
Have said Christ's ethics are impractical
In actual life, and shrugged their
little shoulders.

But, more and more man's spiritual
evolution
Proceeds, and higher shines the light of
Knowledge,
And men are learning fast that they
attain
No good except through goodness - which is
real, -

That selfishness breeds war, - that everywhere
Goodness is always Wisdom - Wisdom, Goodness, -
And that Christ's ethics are the basic truths

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The Great Interrogations.

Of scientific sociology.

Man's mind is the sovereign personality,
 His body temporal and subservient;
 But man as yet has only ascertained
 The alphabet and easier syllables
 Of the unchanging spiritual code
 Through which God governs everything that is.
 Why, then, should it surprise when we see
 The operations of mysterious forces,
 Or judge them hostile to the laws of Nature?
 Thinkers who reason as mere physicists,
 Proceed upon a premise which is false
 To false conclusions, muting on their way
 Insurmountable facts which dissociate
 Their theories to fumes, - their only refuge
 To disregard such facts as superstitions,
 Myths, fables, miracles, and mysticism.
 The physicist can not explain to us,
 By natural laws alone, how the bird sings,
 Or the tree clothes itself in foliage,
 Or the most commonplace phenomenon
 Or the causation of organic life
 In any of its forms, but must confess
 All life's causation seems a miracle,
 In everything about him, which his knowledge
 And theorems concerning laws of Nature
 Cannot expound at all. When Tesla seeks

Down a path which is scientific
For me in the end, I think,
He is not himself a happy disciple,
And grows to know no more of his place.

Looking to solve the deeper mystery
His finer, more electric force
Suppose he finds one link more in the chain
Of physical causation, or finds many?
He never finds as a mere physicist
The last link of the chain, because it ends
In spiritual causation, not material.
The scientists must learn, who have not
learned.

That matter merges in the spiritual,
In every ultimate analysis.
The botanist may gaze upon his flower
From noon down till long-aded night;
The gray geologist may gaze his fossils
Until this blue horizon well-nigh as
juicy as

Biologists of man and trees may carve
Censorial heroes and pinet glades till
down to

Teslas may braid the thunder-bellied clouds
And coar from them all secrets they can tell;
Yet Science and Philosophy unite
On their supreme demand for something
more

1916.

The Great Interrogations.

Without which, hopeless riddles tantalize -
With which, all sciences become one Science -
Religion, Science, and Philosophy.
The three sides of the pyramid of Truth.

Therefore it is an insult to the reason
For those who are unable to explain
The simplest of phenomena in Nature,
To base their negations on ignorance, -
Their only refuge the hypothesis
That there must be some potent law in
Nature

Unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, -
Digging a furrow, and then dogmatizing.

If satisfactory evidence abound
Through human history of psychical
Phenomena, like healing of the sick,
Forms of telepathy, or cognate powers, -
Put these in any category that you like,
They prove the Soul's Supreme ascendancy
Over material things and thereby prove
Mind is not born of matter, but distinct,
Master, sovereign and tributary; -
Availing with the mind's kinetic powers
Its conscious will-power and intelligence,
Its moral aspirations and ideals.
These strands, combine a rope no man can
break.

Pert Scoville - Dialogue.

1777

Why is it Criminology reveals
That conscious guilt distorts both form and
features,
As if with fire and steel, while haunting
fear

Becomes a settled phantom of the face?
Why doth a sweetness like perpetual starlight
illumine the faces of the pure in heart?
Why majesty invest the good man's brow
More royally than any gilded crown?
Can you deny the many instances
When wil' thoughts break both disease and
weakness

Within our bodies, while exalted faith
And pure emotion cleanse both soul and
flesh?

Why is it that the consciousness of right
Adds strength and valor, and that
Outraged conscience

Brings cowardice and weakness? All
our lives,

Also, ~~are~~ ^{strange} instances where lower ~~we~~ knowledge
Of powers of mind over the realm of matter,
As well as psychical phenomena
Outside of matter, challenge our attention -
For which no explanation can be found.
Within the knowledge which we now possess,
But to deny which is sheer narrowness.
To keep our freedom to believe in much

Prevents believing nothing. 'Tis not wise
 To build around us arbitrary walls,
 And fancy there is naught outside of them, -
 To shut out every visitant, for fear
 That vagaries or lunacies may enter.
 Truth cannot be enclosed in Chinese
 Walls

On which men arrogantly paint the legend:
 Thus far belief may go, but never farther!
 "There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
 Let Psychological Societies perform
 Their duties faithfully, and stubborn facts
 Must so accumulate enormously
 That barren negatives shall not avail,
 Nor ponderous head-shakes and sagacious
 Smiles
 Pass for the coin of reason.

(Interlude)

at Morn'ing Dream.

It was morn', and through the bars
Of my window came a bird,
Singing a song so sweet that a golden
Sunbeam heard
And followed into the gloom to listen,
Rapture-still
Save when the beak outside trembled
To some soft trill.

Before the song had ceased, beneath
Some spell most strange,
Into a happy bird my dream had
Made one change,
And out of the window ice fleeing,
The bird that had sung and I,
And flew to a snow-white cloud that
Was drifting through the sky.

Through a portal in the cloud my
guide and I then passed
Into a region so dark that sleep soon
hid me fast;
And I cannot tell how far the cloud
had made its flight
When I awakened from the clamber

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The Great Interrogations.

whose bonds had held me tight.

Then, lo! I wore no longer a tiny bird's
disguise,

But stood in my own stature with
wonder-widened eyes;

And heard such wondrous sounds and
saw such wondrous sights,

Their rearticulation seemed a banquet
delights.

I stood within a valley in some delli-
cious land,

Where like wine to cheer the blood were
the breezes blowing bland;

Where a soft sun lit the light of the
flowers and verdure fell,

Like the glances of a maiden when
they hold us in their spell;

Where, at intervals, soft sounds across
the silence drifted

With surprises that were sweet and
rosy lips uplifted;

Where everything about me was so
beating and so true

I fancied some other world had
wrought its wonder there.

I sang like a village boy when through
the woods he rides,
As I wandered down the valleys and up
the green hillsides;
Yet I marvelled that no beings like
mortal men seemed there,
Though I heard sweet peals of laughter
and soft voices everywhere.

All suddenly I saw my Darling's
form and face
Before me, like an angel of love
and grace;
I ran with outstretched arms to clasp
her then and there,
But she faded while I followed in
rapture and despair.

Yet she gave a kiss of love wafted
from her finger-tips
More precious than the kiss bestowed
by mortal lips,
And she bade me a last farewell
as from my longing sight
She faded like a ship fades from
the shore at night.

All my visions day and night are
I made beautiful to me

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By the hope this was an omen of a happiness to be;—
Without such hope this earth would be
blackness and despair,
And this life a bitter curse and its love
a cruel snare.

— " —

"Be strong, and of a good courage,
fear not, nor be afraid, — — — for the Lord
thy God, He it is that doth go with thee,
He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."
— Moses.

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil; He shall preserve thy soul."
— David.

"For there is nothing covered, that shall
not be revealed; neither hid, that shall
not be known."
— Luke.

"The life is more than meat." — Id.

"And Jesus came and touched them,
and said, Arise, and be not afraid."
— Matthew.

"To another the gifts of healing by the same
Spirit," — Paul.

"And Jesus went about all Galilee, — — —
and healing all manner of sickness and all
manner of disease among the people." — Matthew.

Part Eight.

Dialogue.

Scene.

His heart as a desert of night
Lies to all soul except mouldering
The cold and dead. It goes
In dream.

Even of the night thought that never
Must sleep.

Like an unloving guest he dwells my
Thoughts.

Dwelled by the passions, appetites, and
Behaviors.

The plaything of caprice and destiny,
Man dwells on the earth a few
Brief years.

His foolish life is consumed in use-
less struggling.

With scant desire or leisure to enjoy
The loveliness and majesty around him,
And always a hidden exile to himself.
His heart benumbed beneath the weight
Of griefs.

His hopes crossed, his energies inert,
The grove devouring everything he loves,
He falters on into decrepitude.

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And Disappointment, Betrayal, and Withering,
A fatal distasteful wither, making him
Point at his life as only a brief, brief
Or, else, black shame, to wait his final
Years,

Often with tenderest and cruel pain,
His boasted strength as insignificant
As withered leaves before a cyclone's
Breath.

His little triumphs ending in defeat,
His joys outnumbered by his sorrows,
He lives his foolish life and then he dies,
His ears no more to drink sweet speech or
~~His eyes no longer~~

His eyes no more to view the earth or sky,
His heart to throb no more with love or joy.

Where is the power that made him
Endure anything but what he
Knew was his, and the rest was
And that which he had to bear
Fortuitous pain, a pain that he
Where, then, the power that made him
Built.

His evidence is a just and loving God?
His faith that he lives, and that he
Is a God?

Where is the friend who stands to guide him

Out of the labyrinth of gloom and dread?

Optim.

In truth, man's life is but a mockery
If all end in the inevitable grave,
His reason, all his nobler faculties
Only accusing him beyond the beasts.
What follows? Shall we droop in despair?
Or reason that a just and loving God,
Whose wisdom and beneficence are found
In all things else, could ever have created
Man, his Supreme work, in mockery
And hatred, crowning him with attributes
All whose development unfolds a curse?
That there must be another life to furnish
Scope for God's justice and parental love,
And the wondrous process of man's evolution.
God's scales of justice must be infinite,
All spiritual evolution without haste,
And inadmissible to mortal eyes
For mortal beings. For immortal souls,
All your objection falls to nothingness.
~~The~~ Contra, they are answered indeed,
If matter and the residents of matter
Alone control the destinies of men;
For, if there be no God, this universe,
With its infinitude of harmonies
Which scientists and sages ever find,
Its wise beneficence, its law and order,

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Is only a malignant phantasmagoria,
Which cheats the senses of that agglomeration
Of molecules which we mistook for Mind.
It seems most plain to me, that if we grant
Man is a moral being ruled by forces
Which are distinct from those which govern
matter,

It follows that man's immortality
Becomes, to say the least, a strong pre-
sumption,

Which is not weakened by analogies
From the material world. It is not logic
To base beliefs upon analogies
From perishable matter, which differs
In properties and attributes from mind.

It is not, after all, your eyes which see
Or ears which hear, but tho' your Mind
as Ego

Which sees and hears through them as
instruments,

And which themselves are as insensate
matter

As the materials of the telescope, -
Which have no permanent identity.

As eyes and ears, as portions of the Mass,
Their fabrics changing their constituents
From day to day, even from hour to hour,

While mind retains sounds immaterial,
Things are natural, as parts
Of its own self, and wholly spiritual.

Suppose that we concede the proofs of God
Catching the negations of atheism,
What good is that to man if death end all
Of a self-conscious being? Then for man
To exist when death annuls
His life is a vain dance of specks of dust
In darkness or in darkness for a time,
And moral laws an insult, and their
breach

A treaty in such a world as man,
And moral penalties malign pitfalls.

Poison.

Your reasons are compounded with
allusions
To moral sins and moral penalties
The atheistical philosophy
Denies that there are either, I concede
It needs to do so to be logical.
The atheists assert that man obeys
A stern, inexorable necessity
In all he does from the cradle to the grave;
All his apparent instances of sin
Involving no real moral turpitude,
Because he acts not of his own free will
But as the helpless vassal of his fate, -

All his propensities to so-called sin
Born with him, and ordained throughout
his days

By his environment. But a mere atom
Among vast worlds, their aeons and their
spaces,

What man shall do, or not do, is beyond
his power to alter. He is like the leaf
When autumn drifts it from its parent-
stem.

And the winds carry it as chance may list,
Or, like the dew-drop falling from the sky,
It shudders o'er the surface of the sea.
Or shall the fetid waters of a swamp
As a plant may shape its growth,
The drifted rocks which it may roll
To hills or valleys, had the power to choose
Their habitations, quite as much as men
To dominate one minute of their lives.
Morality is but a friendly myth,
Invented to intimidate and rule.

Optim.

Your logic is unerring, if we grant
There is no God, and man is what clay
Portered by molecules. On that defini-
tion,

Hereditary, environment, and chance
alone must stand responsible for man,

Doth what he is, and what he thinks would do.
But I appeal to your own consciousness
That you know better. You know it is false,
And that you hold yourself responsible,
Within just limits, for your thoughts and
conduct;

You also know your atheistic logic,
Not only is unethically opposed
To your own inner consciousness of truth,
But would destroy all social law
and order,

Destroy yourself, as with an adder's tooth,
Did not the common instinct of all men
Reject it as a falsehood. Underneath
All the objective intellect can urge,
Men have a moral consciousness of truth
Which, whether they obey its voice or not,
They know is not a liar. Hence, it follows,
Unwillingly, that atheism rests

Upon a false foundation where its logic
Leads to such a conclusion. And it follows,
Unwillingly, that man is something more
Than molecules can fashion - is a kingdom
Outside of matter, ~~independent~~ ^{distinct} ~~from~~ ^{from} laws
distinct,

Above heredity, environment,
Or accident, or chance. The atheists
Through stress of logic urge their doctrinal
Of moral irresponsibility. -

Which common-sense instinctively repels.
 All human governments pronounce it false
 Each time they punish crime, else social
 order

Depends on laws which are appalling
 falsehoods.

The atheist in all his thoughts and action
 Assumes the opposite. He must still
 Feel that it sins or feels that it does not,
 Receives the whip of conscience, or is
 gladdened

By its approving voice. The richest man
 Distinguishes between the wrong and right
 According to his light. What is a noble
 Those haggard village men who are the guilty
 soul

Although its sin be hidden from all eyes
 Save God's alone? Why is it that the felon
 Betrays his guilt with such amazing folly?
 Why is it falsehood stings stung to death
 In the fire-circles of perdition, truth?
 That falsehood was perpetrating such
 falsehood,

What truth is it in fact? ^{Remember?}
 Our memories of voluntary sin
 Are daily comrades, and we know their
 face,

Malignant, scoffing, mercilessly cruel,
 However skilfully the atheists argue

That black is white. Pray, what is con-
science for?

How can the molecules create from matter
The sense of moral right and moral wrong,
Or educate it through the centuries,
If there be neither moral right nor wrong,
To germinate the concept in man's thought?
Can something be evolved from nothingness?
Can you explain how moral impulses
Evolve without a moral origin?
How right and wrong be differentiated,
Why reverence the heroes of our race,
Why execrate its Judases and Herods?
If right and wrong are only lying fancies,
Where did the ancient prophets find
their thought

That the beginning of all wisdom lies
In fearing God, and why does every
Tongue

Prove their words true? The reason
and the senses

May furnish man with knowledge,
but not wisdom

To guide our lives according to right
morals,

Heeding that monitor whose still, small
voice

Tells not of crucible or microscope,

But speaks of God, of Justice, Duty, Truth, -
 And disregard of whose uplifting message
 Brings shipwreck and disaster To our shores.
 The Shore of the Dead Sea is not more barren
 Of life and loveliness, more desolate,
 Than atheistical philosophy,
 Whose dreary, arid wastes exhibit nothing
 Higher in man than what is found in brutes.

The Pythones and Delphi which are found
 In every soul, - the Zeus of Solitudes.
 The House of Homer, the familiar Saloon
 Of Socrates, - the anticipatory vision
 Of Michael Angelo that traced the Dome
 Against an empty sky, - the music-dream
 Of rapt Tartini whose divine sonatas
 Seemed to him played by others while he slept,
 Such could not be contrived by bioplasts,
 Designed by molecules, or formed of matter;
 These are the intermittent glimmerings
 Of spiritual splendor shining now and then,
 Across our mortal gates. They prove to us
 That we have that within us which is kin
 To the Spirit of Beauty, Harmony and Love
 Creating, vivifying, ruling all.
 When Pneumatology eliminates
 The spiritual it leaves no explanation
 For all the purest, noblest, sweetest, highest,
 Of our humanity, - abandons man

To animality and sensualism;
It views man as a harp whose strings
are stretched,
But cannot comprehend the heavenly
sounds
That make them into music.

Man's intellectual and moral tract,
None good. For, without God such tenden-

cies
Would hinder, not assist, all human
progress.

Because her priesthood had been prostituted
To the vile uses of despotic kings
And servile courts, until religion seemed
None as its friend, to unhappy France,
Her people in despair turned from their God
to atheism. Then ensued a scene
At which the nations shudder to this day;
So that Carlyle exclaimed, when he had
finished

The frightful annals of the Revolution,
That such nation waste of atheism
None the remedy for good. Such proofs
abound throughout man's history. Without
God and a spiritual universe, mankind
Loses all hope, all conscience, all desires
Higher than those of brutes, - seeks lower
levels

(Interlude.)

A Memory.

Brown eyes and brown hair,
 White pearls in rose lips,
 Neck graceful and fair
 As the sailing in air

Of summer cloud ships,
 As firm as hoody as a dream in stone
 Smiled when goddesses on earth were gone.

More sweet than the mountain's echo
 Of horns on the neighboring lake,
 Was the love in my darling's voice
 As it answered back my own;
 More soft than summer tones
 On sleeping waters done,
 Was the love in my darling's voice
 That answered the love of mine.

Young love in disguise,
 With glances for darts, -
 Sweet ways to surprise,
 Glad light to our eyes,
 And joy to our hearts, -
 Brown hair all flecked with light, such as
 the sun -
 Once in his loom for the sea-maiden spun.

There a luminous bird we found
Her nest in my embrace,
(How soft and warm it was!)
As in the beauty of her hair,
(More a wild-rose sweetly bloomed),
The baby, the moonbeam fair,
And the balmy night-wind loitered
About our - trysting-place.

Thoughts sweet as the rose
And summer faith kissed,
Speech sweet to its close,
And sweet her gentlest glow
Like moon through the mist,
And treasure, eyes, fair forehead, rosebud mouth,
Cheeks delicate yet blooming like the South.

The dawn had lowered his bucket
Of liquid light on the coast,
And the moon in the east was lifting
Her bucket of liquid gold,
And the oak above us rustled
To leafage overbold,
As on her bannered leaves
Lone's virgin knee I found.

The beauty of night
When summer stars shine,

The morning's delight,
 All things pure and bright,
 Fair maidens, were thine,
 As on the canvass of my soul I see
 Thy girlhood's charms in their sweet empery.

Alas! though the oak still rustles
 Its leaves above my brow,
 And the moon through the azure deeps
 Still carries her golden light,
 Nevermore my darling and I
 Can meet as on that night;
 For the roses of the valley
 Are blooming o'er her maid.

It is spirit, not clay;
 Such life could design;
 The stars have no way,
 For the splendor of day,
 For such beauty as thine;
 Thou wert a seraph's dream of loveliness
 Walking the earth, thy presence a carew.

For wouldst thou my thoughts rise pure
 Than feat on shores of clay,
 And I know for aught that earthly
 Such worship can not be;
 Like the free and willing trees
 My thoughts arise to thee,

Var. *viridis*.

She only does what horses do each day—
 Have done as far back as Achilles' chariot
 Smoked furiously around the walls of Troy.
 Why should man, Nature's strutting egotist,
 So helpless, weak, and insignificant,
 Expect the boon of immortality?
 'Tis all a fantasy of egotism.

Optim.

Physical size has no significance.
 Even the atheist recognizes this
 When he enthrones his molecules as gods,
 Or makes creators of conjectured atoms.
 Strength does not measure human dignity,
 Even in human thinking; else, Napoleon
 Could not have been the meter of Europe,
 Nor Alexander master of the world.
 Did Caesar lead because his feet were high?
 Did Frederick's picked regiment of giants
 Prove most redoubtable of fighting?
 How is Goliath's name perpetuated
 Except as the antagonist of David?
 When Herschel hails the star what mat-
 ters it

How many finger-lengths record his height?
 Not physical but spiritual stature is
 The proper measure of human dignity.
 Before you scoff at him, point to his peer
 As an Intelligence like God's mountain-

What is it but a stupid pile of clay,
Big thought approaches and oppresses as a giant.
Let Man assault it with his thought and will,
How easily its monstrous sides are gashed,
How helplessly it yields its precious hoards.
Man could not reason of the universe,
Or mimic convincingly its many methods,
Or reason about God, about himself,
Invent his needed tools, or cook his food,
If he were of the stuff of rocks and brutes,
And nothing more; therefore, comparisons
Twist him and these are all illogical.

All things within the prospect of his reason,
His intellectual joys and aspirations,
His spiritual rewards and sufferings,
Prove man is subject to the higher laws
Of a vast universe unknown to sense.
Physical laws pertain to Nature only,
Not to the Mind, but psychologic laws
Govern both mind and matter, - as is
shown

When the thoughts land, disease and
pain and death,

Or work their seeming miracles of cure,
When once the frame holds that psychic
man

Is ruled by laws distinct from Nat-
ural laws,

through sympathy and association. It follows that a change of state of change, degrades and the same is left to the freedom of man's mind.

Lesson.

I find in you a great deal of fondness for deductive reasoning; Hence, since I am, all the while, have seen their glorious triumphs in induction, and not that of the latter. May suit the self-hypnosis of the Sage who sits beneath the banyan-tree, and dreams visions which please the Oriental soul; But it is ill adapted to the search of certain knowledge and exact conclusions such as the stern Occident demands. Your speculative reasoning all lead from one bewilderment into another, - Six Facts and their sure-footed inferences which we require to gain

Epitome.

Of Facts and induction you have had - shall have -

Facts spiritual and natural and the inductive arguments therefrom; But you have had, and may expect to have,

On the Skye distillation of their perfume.
 Columns as prodigies in mathematics,
 Mind Lows in music, never win their
 triumphs

By the sure-footed tortoise process
 Yet wing their intuitions to the truth
 Of harmonies or figures, swift swans sail
 Themselves unable to discern the process.

Like birds in cages are our souls on earth
 And nothing can deprive them of their longings
 For greater flights beyond this phase of life
 To free them from mysterious limitations,
 Their very mystery ordained in wisdom,
 That this brief sphere is not man's only
 birthright.

And when such intuitions come
 We breathe them as the odor of the wind
 Which surely blows from shores we have not
 reached.

So Santa Maria tossing through the sea
 Knows them as bits of floating wood
 Which come to us from the Unknown
 Towards which we hasten.

Words are imperfect symbols of our thought
 Giving their perfect meanings. Those we love
 And beat our thoughts when conveyed by
 words.

Psychic phenomena of thought-transference.
No longer can be classed as mythical.
The spiritual body uses vocal organs
either on earth or in the life beyond.
If God should speak to us in man-made
language,

(Making articulate the clod or thunder.)
Our misinterpretations and perversions
Would turn His utterance to mockery.
A spiritual God speaks unto spiritual man
In spiritual language, not material, -
In intuition, soul-illuminations,
Between the lines throughout the page of
Nature,
Never directly to the physical senses.

Pessim.

Still I insist man's insignificance
Makes immortality improbable,
Man's life is like a vain and empty
bubble

That rises merrily, when we are young,
Before our thoughtful eyes bright as a
rainbow

And moving lightly as a tripping fairy
Kither and tither on our breaths of laughter,
And giving faint colors to the very sunbeams
through which it dances in the playground

Man in all ages falsifies the o'er
At his imputed insignificance,
By his supreme dominion over matter,
Transforming the non-living at his will,
And lacking only the Creative Power
Which changes inorganic to organic,
As well as in those noblest qualities
Which prove his psychic kinship unto gods
The force which control non-living matter
That man is knowledge, and display no
will-power
in thought-power of their own. The ocean
takes

He's cables to its deeps unmarvellingly,
The earth yields up its century-hoarded treasures,
The far skies furnish him their winds and
lightnings,

All forms and elements obey his will
When summoned by retort or crucible.
As a self-conscious intellectual being,
Man is not of the things which change
and death

Heave empire over, yet it is by these
You gauge man's dignity. To nothing more
Than animated matter, I confess
I capar and indeed would be a tyrant
The moral government a tyranny -
And a conspicuous tyrant or a myth.
But, predeating immortality,

Despair becomes a shadow which has fled,
 And Faith unavailing steadfast constellations, -
 Morals is not the myth of ~~fabulous~~ dreaming sages,
 But an inspiring benison that fills
 The corridors of time with sun-lit wings, -
 And every thought of God comes like the perfume
 Blown from green islands amid quiet seas.
 No longer we impeach God's power and goodness -
 Rebel against His moral government
 As tyrannous, capricious, and malignant,
 For His universal harmony
 Substitute discord, accident, caprice.

Take one fact of the innumerable facts
 Which prove the wise beneficence of God,
 And that His Love, not blind and cruel fate,
 Presides above the destinies of men:
 As heat expands, so cold contracts all things,
 Now water only at that single stage
 When to contract would so increase its
 weight,

The ice would sink beyond the sun to melt,
 And fill the seas, thus making earth unfit
 For human habitation; then consider
 That only at the freezing point does water
 Show such exception - that without expansion
 At other times from heat, the sea could give
 No vapours to the air, no oceans

To the phenomena of ice and snow.
 And view the logical chain that spans
 The Use and Habit and Law of Nature
 Which can describe them in the future state
 Or thicken fur to cover the winter land.
 From their very nature have no one or more
 Save with Organic life, and which, going
 To all the realm of Inorganic forms
 The ice or water. Therefore, to meet just
 That coalition in Organic forms
 Whatever are its special forms and
 Emanates from the same Original Source
 From which the mediate cause is
 Throughout the Inorganic world
 That the Seal swims through the cold
 Seas

In warmer raiment than the porpoise wears
 That loafs along the equatorial zone
 Because Supreme Intelligence has provided
 All things so well that all things are
 All needs legitimate of plant or beast
 All functions in the inorganic world,
 As well as what is in the organic
 Are answered by continued law and order

System
 Of law and order prove a perfectness
 Ascribable to Deity alone.

Have we not a little consolation
 They, who are in the only true position—
 Though neglected in the world, it is not
 Left unprotected in his weakness
 of age. For the world would do more for the
 Poor as a consistent help finds defence
 Unknown to most of us? They will be
 blessed.

in contrast to the world and the world's
 men, in a way that is not without
 the more in a light that is not without
 Why has man's hearting for the world
 been so long, and why is the heart
 so slow to respond? What is cold and foreign,
 in man's heart, in the world's heart,
 in the heart of man, in the heart of the world?

In the heart of man, in the heart of the world,
 God has just opened a new world,
 giving him a new world, in the heart of the world.

And giving him a new world, in the heart of the world,
 to other men, in the heart of the world,
 they follow the path of the world,
 they follow the path of the world,
 yesterday in the world, and why is it?
 That all men, in the heart of the world,
 should be the heart of the world, the heart of the world,
 of their heart, in the heart of the world,

The Great Intelligences.

Needing no further being to mature
 All their capacities, while man alone
 Never attains full stature in the growth
 As a spiritual being on this earth,
 But finds his life in man incomplete,
 Though often his last years most vigorous
 In morals and in wisdom? And why is it
 So many of man's highest qualities
 Not only are useless, in this plane of life,
 And wholly foreign to his happiness
 And his necessities, but worse than useless?
 Is it Divine Omnipotence for a man
 In fault, and for the first and only time?

Why hath the instinct of self-preservation,
 And to what end, caused men to ask, for?

Since earliest time? Why do we yearn for life
 Beyond the grave, unless there be some mind,
 Natural, not, obviously of man's being,
 Which only immortality can answer?
 If mind be but the offspring of the body,
 What can explain the universal desire?
 What other cause could make man think it
 With no reason to apply it? If all life
 Evolve according to man's nature,
 Our wants are born of what supplies
 Those wants, —

at least, and in such vast numbers that
the supply of food for the millions of the lower
animals is abundant. They are not like the human
beings who are not content with food and clothing
but in the world have been for the feeding of
develop if no variegated earth
And glorious heavens gave it nourishment
If children are incessant want
Implies that there must be abundant means
To gratify and justify the want.

Reason.

But more wants happiness - how to attain it?
Does not the immortal soul have its logic?

Logic.

Your instance vindicates the logic of the soul
It shows that happiness is not the thing
The soul desires to have the present time and
It would the more to have the future happiness.
There is a plan of happiness which is the
Which is the plan of the soul
It is a plan which is the plan of the soul
Then for all animals and for all men
For all their wants and instincts
question,

There is a plan of happiness which is the
Providence of the soul when lacking

Under some transient stress of circumstance?
 There must be something to fulfill the want
 To generate its instinct. All mere matter
 Lacks the self-consciousness to form the wish
 To be immortal as self-consciousness, -
 Stands not beside the cold and voiceless grave
 With longings wholly indescribable,
 And sacred love this brief life only mocks, -
 Has no capacity to feel desired
 For ideal purity, which this coarse earth
 Denies us while our souls are stained with
 clay.

All such are spiritual not material wants,
 And spiritual wants imply a spiritual being
 Whose dignity is equal to such wants.
 Can there be spiritual hunger and no spirit,
 Better than bodily hunger and no body?
 Man's psychic needs apart from physical,
 Are antagonistic and discordant; -
 When flesh is pampered with rich foods and wine,
 The intellect and morals retrograde
 In purity and vigor. Prosperous lives
 In worldly things may ossify our hearts,
 Until our sympathies and sentiments
 Are hard as flint. The half-starved crone
 Whose hair-cloth shirt is ragged at the wrist
 moderns,
 Knew from experience that thoughts were clearer

When appetites and passions are subdued.
The saint grown lean and wan from
Self-denial,

He wiser in his methods, had a vision
more subtle and far-reaching in God's ways,
than the fat bishops who divide him into
heretic and fanatic. Sorrows' soft
sweeter perfumes from the flowers
of sentiment and song. The crushed
heart's prayer

Heard chords of holy music never heard
before grief came! Christ bade the
man of riches

Strip himself free to be his follower.
The Pentecost is not a worthless myth.
But atheist logic is a man-made
tread-mill,

Which creaks from its own weariness and
weakness

Each stumbling step it takes. He has
no hope

Of any dawn to clarify his reason
of the penumbral mists that blot his sky,
Has no prophetic visions of denial
Against the visions of immortal life
Which light our souls like an inspiring
sunrise,

And whose vitality of gladness proves

That all such spiritual illuminations
 Emanate from a vital source of light,
 Not from a rayless and eternal darkness.
 Man's intuitions of immortal life
 Are of themselves supremely arguments,
 When they illumine our thoughts like the
 pure flash

Of morning on the hilltops - when they come
 Into our thoughts like sweet, celestial music,
 So that our passions, fears, and griefs lie down
 Like conquered beasts under a night charm.
 Whence is such light and music in the soul?
 Do such effulgences proceed from causes
 Solely within ourselves as bumps of clay,
 Or do they scintillate from bioplasts
 Like phosphorus from fire-flies on dark nights,
 Or is it some mysterious exosmosis
 Of spirit generated in the nerve-cells?
 Are nerves or brain-cells, as organic matter
 Evolved from protoplasm, capable
 Of such effects, without a spiritual God,
 To radiate the splendor through our thoughts,
 And spiritualizing the harmonies that fill
 Our days and nights with music when we
 listen?

Your creaking tread-mills of destructive
 logic,

O furlblind atheists, lead you in circles,
 And never put your feet upon the path

From his own consciousness; not from the realms
 Biologists or chemists can invade.

And Christ taught purity in thought and life;
 And all unselfishness, he gave mankind
 The grandest and the gentlest code of morals
 known to our race, and which has been the
^{leader} ~~leader~~

of Civilization ever since the Cross.

Where did he get that code? From laws of matter,
 from Natural forces, atoms, molecules?

We know them not, or purposely ignored.
 Dealing with Spirit as the all-in-all.

To say that Mind originates in Matter
 is really equivalent to saying

that a thing is before it is. Say on:

say second causes antedate First Causes,
~~from~~ ^{arise} from Protoplastipolis!

Be gone from your tongue the dust of pedantry
 and "words of learned length and thundering
 sound";

reasonable a little while omit
 scientific terminology.

And make the puzzle plain to us - of
 Matter

and Mind - if there was a Mind
 in Matter, or elsewhere, whence, then, did
 the ~~mind~~

disgorge the wild-flower and intelligence

Requisite to create or to Design?

Like Milton's fallen angels we shall be
In wandering mazes lost "if we pursue
Even an elusive possibility."

Like Howells' Charadrius himantopus,
a stilted plover whose back toes are
lacking?

It causes an uncomfortable fear

It would fall backward should it try to stand.

Finally, clumsy is the metaphysic.

What matter is the genesis of man-mind,

though not of God-mind. There must
always be

A thing potentially, at least, within
Whatever gives it birth, before 'tis born.

Matter can not give birth to mind, unless
In fact, or in potentiality,

The mind is first in matter; then to say

That matter creates mind, is the same folly

That a thing is before it is. It follows,

That for the Origin and Cause of Mind
We must look elsewhere. Like produces

like;

Therefore, the God-mind ^{must} look for
man-mind,

For matter wholly lacks the attributes
Which correspond to intellect and morals,
To will-power and emotion, as displayed
By man as a spiritual being.

The mud that in this earthly speck, ramage
Is scattered on our souls, - of the earth, earthly, -
All non-essential to self-conscious beings.
When freed from ties of matter, no more perish
With brain and body. The self-conscious I
That in this phase of life has latent traits, -
As in its power of memory in sleep, -
May need their full development hereafter
Also, of unsuspected latent powers,
For new conditions and environment.
The voice that speaks into a phonograph
Differs from that which speaks into a
trumpet,
But qualities and habits thus acquired
Are non-essentials in defining voice;
So, in defining soul spiritual man, omit
The mud with which this life bespattered him.

Agassiz said that he had spent no time
for money - saving, and he gave his life
to noblest labors in the search of knowledge;
yet he had only come to affliction
when Death arrived to be still pitiless.
To bring annihilation to his mind?
It seems to me, this would impinge upon
supremest folly and malign injustice!
Our minds given him before he was married -
but to what end? What cruelty and greater
than man's annihilation at the grave?

2002.

The Great Interrogations:

and yet unable to respond to questions
concerning pre-existence of the Soul,
Or after its habitation after death,
And many questions of like character.

Reason.

It seems to me the shores beyond the
are somewhat liable to overcrowding.
With such a heavy immigration always
from immemorial time. Here it will
coexist,

It seems to me, in as far as
to regulate the immigration and

The Outcome.

The piled-up footprints of the past
are not to be cleared up, for
because you have forgotten space, like time,
is unknown to the Infinite - that case
Open to senses and measure has no bounds.
Your dream was the expression of your sense
that life immortal is impossible.
Arguments of Improbability.
Are based throughout upon our ignorance
of the conditions and environment
of the soul after death; and are, at best,
A false induction reasoning from statistical
change in organic forms, and from the
Of Space and Time. But let you be clear,

And everywhere are Nature's object-lessons,
But what mortal life to us, what natural laws
Are ever insufficient to explain
As probable anything which occurs
From all the path, from ocean, from the sun
To sunrise; - all incomprehensible,
And displaying only Nature's power.
All factures of the infinite, as parts
Of an unending chain, not links
Isolated.

The unmanifest as well as the clear,
Becomes the soaring eagle of the sky -
Proud navigator of the winds and storms;
The sailing beam upon the oak
Within whose bole the cactories are ringed,
And with whose strength proud oaks
Beneath the ground.

The worm becomes a dragon, and is not
With wings;

The robin always sings the robin's
Song.

Ignorance to imitate from every other voice,
The rose-bud moves none other than
The breeze.

Such force as will be sufficient to the clay,
The rain can move the mountain, and the winged
The beam can move the earth was

Common to all.
Take any body of matter as inanimate,

Is it less wonderful, if told to us
 As stranger to the fact, than what becomes
 Of the self-conscious disembodied soul?
 Nay, natural laws alone can not explain
 The simplest of phenomena; but, with
 The spiritual hypothesis, all things
 Become harmoniously intelligible.

Pessim.

Prospero's power to soothe the elements,
 To gird the globe with airy messengers,
 To ease and cure the pains of Caliban,
 All should be man's, if man be spiritual
 And half your perjur'd doctrine be true.

Optim.

Man has such powers, and only needs
 To learn
 Their proper exercise. Philosophy
 Comes not with unsupported theories
 Upon this point, but with vividical
 Examples from all ages and all climes;
 Whereas, but one indubitable instance
 Establishes the truth. Induction follows
 Shakespeare's prophetic imagination,
 And justifies with facts the mystic
 power.

The game to Prospero. But a distinction

is not to be overlooked which is to me
the explanation of the 'difficulties'
which rise in reasoning upon this theme,
as well as in its practical examples.
It is the distinction: Psychic powers
in man
vs. with material phenomena.
(Of course, harmoniously with psychic
laws.)

While in their processes, not with their
Past,
Excepting as their past invades their
Present.

There is a realm for science to explore
Assiduously, for human betterment.
Man's foot is on the ladder's lower round.
Let him step boldly up, and his horizon
shall broaden with his progress! Psychic
laws

Not yet can comprehend empirically;
But Knowledge engulfs the sodden
banks

Of ignorance with trickling drops at first,
To burst and overwhelm them in due
time.

Patience, O Suffering Man! Thy bonds are heavy,
Thy slavery, pathetic, but God reigns,
And when, 'tis best for thee thou shalt
be free!

(Interlude.)

On a Fly - Leaf of Shakespeare.

What more has bread wasthat which Shakes-
 Speares gave

Fed on, and whose immortal nectar drink
 Feared on his page!

Surpassing sweets the flowers garnered then,
 To run in flowers & flowers from his pen,
 Such sweets as flowers may garner not
 again

For gently with us sage!

Often a kindling sentence starts a flame
 Of swift delight, & our thoughts which
 were tame

And torpid in our hearts,
 Leap into vividness. Oft a word
 Comes to us like the wood-note of a bird,
 And hints to us a music never heard
 That nevermore departs.

O gentle Prospero, where art thou now,
 With thy diuining eyes and matchless bow,
 In what enchanted isle?
 Are Ariel and Miranda still thy care,
 Hamlet, Lear, Portia, Desdemona fair,

Cordelia, Rosamond, are they all there,
To answer to thy smile?

"The Spirit of God hath made me, and
the breath of the Almighty hath given
me life." — Job.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth
as it was: and the spirit shall return
unto God, who gave it." — Eccles.

"All things come alike to all"

— Eccl.

"All things were made by him; and
without him was not anything made
that was made." — John.

"And the light shineth in darkness,
and the darkness comprehended it not." — John.

"To another the working of miracles;
to another prophecies; to another dis-
cerning of spirits; to another divers
kinds of tongues; to another the inter-
pretation of tongues:

"But all these worketh that self-
same Spirit, dividing to every man
severally as he will." — I Paul.

Part Sixth.Dialogue.Pessim.

You challenge me to prove self-conscious
thought

Originates in matter, or, is governed
Directly by the laws which govern matter.

In candor, I admit we have no proof
Direct and positive. Analogies

And inferences and rational conjectures
Are the materials of our argument.

We take heredity, insanity,

Senility and childhood, instances

Of the great power of body over mind,

And form therefrom a strong hypothesis
Of a close kinship between mind and
matter,

And that the latter dominates the former

We find decay and death the incident

To everything we see; we find the

brain-cells

Where thought is an incident, at best,

And that disease in these diseases mind,

Or, rather, that they are all one of the mind

And brain affections are co-incident;

We find the nerve the instrument of thought,

Or media between the mind and body;

We urge that our hypothesis grows stronger
With each accumulating fact like these.
When a man's brain is weak, & his mind -
His mind has likewise suffered. While the child
Increases in its stature, the brain grows
And the mind with it. In man's ^{years} ~~life~~

His brain is strongest, and when old age
^{supers} ~~comes~~

The vigor of his brain's safe his mind,
Still of these facts attest that the mind is
Proportionately the creature of the body,
Born with it, growing with it, maturing
^{ending with it} ~~with it~~

And in the final ^{moment} ~~stage~~ of life, with it
A man drinks alcohol, and madness

The throne of reason, prudence breaks
^{its empire} ~~its empire~~

Conscience is bound, ^{passions} ~~passions~~ ^{passions} ~~passions~~

Like brutish courtiers, the weak ^{passions} ~~passions~~ follow
Too frequent, the fair land of the soul
Is devastated of its fair possessions
And peoples by vile tribes from leucacy.
I find a wild-rose growing in the forest,
Sweet hermit of the ^{solitary} ~~solitary~~ solitude,
I pluck it and inhale its fragrant
^{breath} ~~breath~~

The Great Interrogations.

And my nerves thrill with rapture, and
 my soul
 becomes a tower filled with delightful dreams.
 I hear a random harp-string in the night,
 And some one's hand wakes a graceful form
 standing beside her harp in bygone years,
 and my soul softens into tenderness.
 But with such instances as these attest
 that what you name the mind is but the
 product
 And vassal of the senses and the brain
 A tide that ebbs and flows beneath their rule?

Optim.

You now are standing on the so-called
 rock—
 Supposed Gibraltar of materialism.
 We stand upon a solid rock of facts,
 And you religioise on metaphysics—
 as you the materialist in lofty scheme.
 But when we question closely, face to
 face,
 Your candor has confessed you have no
 facts,
 Direct and positive, but inferences,
 Analogies, deductions, and conjectures,
 Of various values as concurrences;
 And so you find Gibraltar closely dim,

Between the brain and mind, not physical,
 But physical, - by anatomic facts,
 Or any facts in Science, you force other.
 That mind is physical, and thereby not.
 Or, has, at least, a physical creation.
 Do you assert such evidence exists?

Pessimism.

Of course, I must admit no eye has seen
 Thoughts forged within the workshop of the brain,
 Or feeling flowing from vibration.
 But I regard no proofs as no less strong -
 Although I own them metaphysical -
 When I refer you to consciousness
 Of physical effects, (you call them physical,)
 From causes which are plainly physical;
 With physical continuities therefor.

Optimism.

Our task is then one of comparison
 Between these and their results. But what now.
 You say a hungry man is irritable,
 And argue that his stomach rules his mind;
 I answer that a sudden shock of grief
 May paralyze digestion as completely.
 And if I argue that, therefore, the mind
 Controls the body, or creates the body,
 Is not my argument as valid as yours,
 And so both arguments of no avail?

Is only a superior animal,
 And that his higher faculties are latest
 In their development from brain and marrow,
 And therefore show less kingly dominion
 Over the language of the face and body,
 Therefore, that man is but a growth from
 matter?

Optim.

The premises do not warrant the
 conclusion -

Conceding that the facts are uniform,
 Which they are not. The student's ponder-
 ings

Are written in the wrinkles on his forehead
 And in the introspection of his eyes
 As plainly as the miser's loaded greed
 Flashes itself in many a vulgar gesture,
 The plenty of faith, the poverty of power,
 The youthful impulse, the earnest dignity
 Of honorable motives and desires, of
 The upright life, the stress of meditation
 Whichever dark, are carved as legibly
 Upon us as the grimace of an idiot
 In the black room. The facts you cite,
 In any view of them, will only show
 That man from the beginning has
 declassified.

Under the self-same laws of evolution

And this is in complete harmony
 With the supposition that a Supreme Designer,
 In creating the earth, that the spiritual man
 Has been, and ever he is developing.
 And whether protoplasm was man's cradle,
 Whether the ape a link in his career,
 Are riddles of untamed imagination
 To which no Scientist pretends an answer,
 Which might concern the modus operandi
 Of human evolution physically,
 But could not touch man's psychic origin,
 His psychical identity of being,
 The psychical destiny awaiting him;
 For if Divine Design created man,
 It matters little how, and how much time,
 Through what consummate process of the
 ages,
 Up what long stairways of development,
 Can only show God's method of creation.

That intellectual and moral traits
 Develop later than emotional,
 Compels the question - Why has man alone
 Developed morals, will, self-conscious
 thought?

If matter can evolve such attributes,
 We should discern them in the high coasts
 Of matter frequently, for evolution

Proves Nature fondest of her highest types,
 The higher constantly displacing lower.
 All Knowledge shows that man upon
 this planet
 Has reigned superior through uncounted ages.
 If matter can evolve self-conscious thought,
 How happens it no creature like to man
 In intellectual or moral traits,
 Has been evolved through all the centuries
 Of earth's continual progress, though we find
 All animal and vegetable life
 Has been evolving still superior types?
 Why does man feel & himself open this door
 To companions, a solitary type
 In an intellectual and moral being,
 Who is self-conscious, though with the Bee,
 and the
 Swarm with resemblances among their tribes?
 How happens it that man, at times alone,
 Finds it impossible to weigh himself
 In any scales with which he can be allied?
 Ken-eyed Biology has shown he wanted
 The ancient registers of each family race
 To find the autograph upon the planet
 Of some such being, as connecting link
 Between man and the beasts, but searched
 in vain,

For Nature gives no hint of moral beings
 Resembling man, in prototype or comrades,

What new hints she may, or may not give
of physical resemblances, (midnight
evolution - links, which is a theory,
I never saw of, & is not a proof.)
From some impingement of resulting types,
From some felicitous concurrence of ~~events~~
chances,
From some accidental variation
at birth, or some spontaneous generation
from protoplasm, - with conditions
As variant as the colors on the clouds,
Of climate, circumstance, environment,
Why is it no self-conscious mind like
man's
Has been born of the innumerable types
Of animal creation, during all
Such favorable opportunities therefore,
If man's self-conscious mind were
thus evolved?
Ponder this question well O man of doubts!
Hints of such higher beings can be
found.
In man's emotional imagination,
Which hunger for a spiritual comradeship,
And which, if ultraist theories were true,
Chance, helped by Nature's love of
highest types,
Had surely answered during earth's long cycles.

Potential.

It is, that matter has Potential Mind,
which may become, or may not, actual
mind.

According to the stress of circumstances.
If it become a fish or bird or ape,
Potential is transformed to actual mind
by low degree and fewer faculties.
If it become a man, potential mind
has then developed to its highest type.

Option.

But where did matter get Potential Mind?
You merely have exchanged absurdities,
and found the last ditch of materialism.
I mean, as we discern him on this earth
the highest ideal mind which atheists
can form a concept of? If not, it follows
that looking somewhere in the atheists'
fancy.

Is the vague figure of some being
higher than man, or an Intelligence?
But when and what is the Self-conscious
Person?

Thought and Volition which can make the
choice.

Whether the ape, or man, or higher being
shall be developed from the Chaos?

And if a tree be chosen, where and what
the thought which guides its growth, - or is
a small
that will direct the building of its
with roof and walls so strong & yet portable?
And if a man be formed, how can his
or thought control pulsations of the heart,
or start or regulate the wondrous action
of ~~the~~ mysterious functions of the body,
and indirectly through their influence,
not as mere parts of the machine itself,
but as the thought and will of which the body
is the manifestation as a form of matter,
which constantly changes all its elements?
Potential Mind in matter is a guess
unwarranted by sane thinking, and untought
by any facts or their philosophical basis.

Our bodies parents of our souls? Gaze
inward!
Study thyself; look back upon the life;
Recall, however painful, the task,
those lower moments when the body takes
possession of a man, until he sinks
to the degraded level of the brutes;
See that the picture be drawn faithfully,
which means it may be foul and horrible;
Then wash the brushes clean, and paint
thyself!

When the vile body's appetites and instincts
 Have abdicated, and Thyself has ruled,
 In those ~~short~~ ^{short} intervals blest with high thoughts,
 Self-abstracting love, pure aspirations,
 Glimpses of glorious light and loveliness
 As if the portals of some brighter sphere
 Had swung aside to the enraptured vision!
 Then shrewdly put the pictures side by side,
 And mark them well! It is not possible
 That the coarse instincts, appetites, and
 passions

Of man, the Physical, can be the source
 Of man, the Spirit! They are too unlike
 In every lineament and quality,
 The battle too irreconcilable!

They wage against each other's tendencies!
 Man is a like Centaurs; who - what seems
 the best - part

Becomes a wild, very overrable thing,
 When the psych - man controls the
 phantoms.

And as God's child asserts His omniscience!

Unopposed by the Physical, the best man
 Strives to reach - all its tendencies

To lower levels rather than to higher. -

Try the experience of all individuals
 With honest introspection. How can, then,
 How bodies with such grovelling tendencies
 Could generate the high-aspiring soul?

The motions in the brain in unison.
 With thought and feeling, do not prove the
 brain.

The source of thought and feeling - that it moves
 its own motion, and generates

It is in a position without the aid of Soul -
 If molecules can cause Intelligence -

Within the brain, then, when man's thought
 appears.

The distant journey, or journey with the stars,
 The molecules must act where they are not

Can physicists expound how anything
 Which is more matter ever acts but all
 Where it is not, or show a single instance?

In the bare theorem of thought but Matter,
 Is not the fundamental basis of physics
 Explain this, saying, where it is?

Is a blunder of fundamental sophistry.
 Can we see no cause, phenomenon &

Thought - this
 Is molecule generating thought and Will.

Is a consequence of these laws, or law,
 Causes a total change of every atom
 Of brain and body, in the brain, but

Thought.
 If molecules construct the brain, it follows
 That, every seven years, this Thought-Machine
 Must be so formed anew that in its cells,
 By some unknown, or hidden law,

In countries, the molecules preserve
Our traits & character, their tendencies,
Our faults & the good, with their complexions
Of memories, sentiments, desires, fears & hopes.
To do this, molecules must first transfer
Into themselves the brain's Intelligence -
To comprehend the changes they must make
And how to accomplish them - They must first
be freed -

To build new bodies - all, & as the
molecules

The scars, ingrowths, or rivulets
Through which the old perished at the old,
Then must transform their tools to
Skillful tools

To do the work. Then must once
more transform

Themselves to hands and fingers, to employ
The tools with consummation beyond a flaw!
All the straggles of the ancient myths,
Or Arkwright's loom, or our craftiness,
Pass into insignificance beside
These wondrous, wonder-working molecules,
Hypothesized by man's intellect
To prove that Matter is the source of Spirit,
The parentage of God, the power of
God -

The stream anterior to the fountain-head!

To claim one's personal identity.
 As a self-conscious being is concerned—
 By matter only, or mind born of matter,
 Through all the exigencies of this life,
 With no Divine Existence, is as sane
 As to suppose an epic could be told
 By the explosion of a type-foundry,
 Or the composition of an opera
 By a mouse rambling over music-keys.

The passage from the physical to the brain
 To conscious thinking is certainly long—
 An unmapped voyage through a narrow,
 Much-improved the hypothetical bridge,
 From matter and the thought-former to the
 well-former.

Their notes are and are not rational.
 With neither precedent nor purpose.
 And therefore, an unaccountable thing.
 For even rational conclusions are
 Molecular motions cast off in a twinkling.
 For, even should we grant that they do
 think,

If molecules are moving, vibrating,
 Still are we just as ignorant as ever
 As to the Source of thought, for the connection
 Between thought and the brain is unknown.

No physicist affirms that they are proven
Cause and effect, - at most, mere antecedent
And consequent, and which is antecedent
And which is consequent not shown by physics;
As rational to say the tongue or teeth
Because the thought which they articulate,
Because the speech and thought are synchro-
nous.

As to affirm that brain produces thought
from no evidence bestowed by science.
Science displays no evidence the speech
matter has not its genesis in mind, -
but rather, in the manifest of mind,
As to speech externalizing thought.
It is our mind's perceptive external objects,
Through, becoming according to their dis-
tinction their operations, notions, and conceptions,
Which Haeckel says, microscope, telescope,
Are so expanding that we recognize
its mind to exist in matter, after all.
Is but the externalization of ~~our~~ thought power.
This much, at least, is plain, that spirit rules,
Divifies all, is infinite in all.
And everything, therefore, its manifestation.

The atheistic guess, based on no proofs,
That brains and matter generate the mind,
Seems to me palpably unscientific, -

the clanging which waits the mind
 marks, springs from the fluting
 sound-words from one's lips, when speech
 ceases.

That the Thought and Thinking also are
 - can the structure of the brain reveal
 it more than the structure
 of the sense of sound?

It inhabits shall decay,
 to continuous and forever.
 ed, could never be renewed
 forms, or beplasts,
 interaction of some Cause
 or Nature. Life is everywhere,
 creature born of form of matter,
 universal principle
 matter must conform to order.
 to be and a being to the world
 in first emerged from nebulae
 The little - dawn

the evolutionary process
 for forms and symbols.
 no genesis of life could now

MemoriesA Song of Love and Life

O, I remember the days
 Though it fills my heart with tears,
 Of days when the young child
 Who stays young through all time.

I still see the sunny smile
 Light her face with beams of joy,
 I still hear her girlish laughter
 As I heard it when a boy.

I can see her the same
 Which she spoke in those days,
 With her child-like smile,
 When she sought to play or sing.

Into mine her soft eyes look
 As in days which long have fled,
 I still see the brown hair float
 As when her young little head.

She was young to cross the stream,
 Yet she never can grow old,
 And she wears no careworn wrinkles
 Like the ones I now behold.

O! I wonder will she know
Her old playmate when we meet,
Will some word I speak remind her
Of our childhood days so sweet?

O, I wish not to forget,
Though it fills my heart with tears,
That dear playmate of my childhood
Who stays young through all these years!
— " —

"Though our outward man perish,
yet the inward man is renewed
day by day." — Paul.

"The things which are seen are temporal,
but the things which are not
seen are eternal." — John.

"The only real existence is eternal
existence, that of spirits. There is
no real existence for matter, nor
non-existence for spirits, which some-
times really exists." — Thales of Miletus.

"God is a Spirit, and those who
must worship him in spirit and in truth." — John.

Part Eleventh.Dialogue.Prison.

Animal heat and muscular exertion
 May generate volition, thought and feeling?
 May not, if electricity by friction?
 A faint beginning is an ultimate,
 For if a dog can at once grasp one link,
 He can soon smell, it soon can drag the chain
 Of progress to its full extent. When the birds
 Told their first notes on water-circled hills;
 They were discordant hints that grew to
 Song,
 Under the wish to please their feathered
 mates.

When man first thought, it was of food to eat,
 Like the rude lion by the midnight power
 And then by accident he sought the skin
 Of slaughtered beasts about his manliness,
 And came to think upon the rudiments
 Of clothing and its uses and contrivance,
 Then gestures and rude grimaces conveyed
 His savage thoughts and feelings until
 Speech.

Unmannered as the Parrots, at the start,

... adopted to remember sounds
... other intonations, till, at length,
... and then thought grew apace, and civilization
began for his glorious, melancholy, pageant.

Critique.

Is not your picture somewhat fanciful?
I do not doubt, however, man has passed
from savagery into his present era, -
and, from the present that he shall emerge
to higher table-lands of civilization.
This ~~... ..~~ shows that our feet draw near the
radiant threshold

Of knowledge yet undreamt of. All this seems
than a prelude in his ~~... ..~~ more.
Your theory of muscular exertion
And animal heat as primal source of
... ..

Is nothing but unverified conjecture -
like that which rested earth on Atlas' shoulders.
True, if I rub the cat's upreaching back,
Her fur attracts her bladders - If I pinch
A roquish thumb against one's merry ribs
Laughter grows clatourish - vegetables draw tears
As well as cruel blows - The sun makes glad -
... .. feelings

That the tree cannot be cut down, not cut,
But enter air and earth for other uses,
While as a tree it seems to exist.

Suppose we grant that mind can never
perish,

Is there one respect of immortality,
As individuals, lost in a broad sea,
As taught by the Hindu and the Jain?

Edwin.

I earnestly agree that for the one's mind
To lose its individual consciousness,
Is to lose all and be annihilated.

It is no problem of a change of form,
But of complete extinction of individual
As individual self-consciousness;
For, from its very nature, the self
Is nothingness. Therefore, the Hindu
Teaches,

Not a transition, but annihilation.

The word, Annihilation, we employ
Just as we speak of a circle with
one end,

As a concept of impossibility.

We merely use the word as a negation
Of everything we know or understand.
In all material things we may observe

But we judge death, but not lament it as
 a final separation, even to life,
 death being nothing but organic change
 from one form in transition to another,
 resulting from the sleepless energies
 which are the breath of Universal life.
 It is not a destruction of material form,
 but a destruction to material form
 and not to life, which, if truly infinite,
 is eternal, spiritual, not material,
 and therefore indestructible.

In its essential elements of being,
 and in the life which is the great work.
 The rose, when autumn kills it, perishes
 as a flower only, and the elements
 which form it go with some new matter
 to dissolve their union to form a new flower
 in the spring. The universe
 is not destroyed or destroyed,
 though mountains melt, though conti-
 nents and seas.

Shift places, though the very stars burn out.
 This globe on which man walks is but a
 unit

of an unnumbered multitude, receiving
 and giving forth, in silent interchange,
 light, heat, strange motions, vibrations,
 and the vast confluence of the powers,

Atoms and atoms of the universe -
Yet can you the self - born life perceive
Perpetual and eternal - transient, something
Which grows, but is not a part of matter?

Does the hypothesis seem rational
That while all atoms of the tongue are dead,
Yet that must undergo annihilation
Which makes the word in speech, in song,
In silence?

And if it has no ~~material~~ material form to
perish,

And if self-conscious individuality
Once perish, 'tis annihilation,

For individual self-consciousness

Is wholly lost when it is not itself.

The concept which makes death to mean
Extinction

Of more than mere organic form and matter,
Is error which no thoughtful man

Read sanction to, but which is negated
By everything in nature, past and future.

Nature, kalidoseptic, everywhere
Shows that the human self-life is divine

Eternal, unimpairable. What a concept
That death means ruin and extinction!

So shadows mortal minds as to distort
Their ideas of the nature and extent

Man's spiritual life, that they reflect on him
The error of the materialist.

Pessim.

I own your argument is unanswerable
 If we admit that what you call the Mind,
 Is something independent of the Brain;
 But, if the Body be a mere machine
 And from the convolutions of its Brain
 Our ideas germinate, like sparks from
 wires,
 Then, when the body shall dissolve to dust,
 The mind shall perish with it, yet afford
 No instance of Annihilation.

Optim.

Rocks can not think though piled into
 an Alp,
 Nor suffer though confined in fetters;
 The ocean is unconscious of the coral
 Within its reefs, the shipwrecks on its
 bottom,
 Or the Leviathans which swim its depths;
 Mere brains and nerves can think or feel no
 more
 Than the rude rock that bars beneath the
 hammer,
 Or the stretched wire through which the
 lightning passes.
 Matter has no individuality, no
 self-consciousness, sensation or emotion.

It is not false that man is a creature
of the intellect, but it is not
it is distinct from attributes of man.
The convolutions of man's brain
are the creation of man's spirit, and
man externalize it in this life
and it is only by the spirit that man
can communicate. Adapted to this prime
of man's god-like mind - man's god's thought
in nature.

In this way, it is implied perpetual change
from Man, one of God's ideas, was evolved
to man as an intelligence in this
world, and put in a state of change,
and man is always in the evolution,
and it is the law of the universe, the
evolution, the change, the change -

Man's mind is always in the evolution,
and it is the law of the universe, the
evolution, the change, the change -

Man's mind is always in the evolution,
and it is the law of the universe, the
evolution, the change, the change -

It being of a spiritual essence
It is apart from matter and its
laws.

So it is matter, as regards the
No truth, or a yet true spiritual, more
simple.

Is it an idea of matter? Is it
In mutable and indestructible, &
all spiritual things within our grasp,
Matter and truth in truth and fiction
always.

Thoughts do not die because their
symbols perish
And man as a spiritual being, must
be classed

In the same category.

Not breathing, sleep, but soul ex-
tending.

Gives meaning to the words, light to
the sea,

Speech to the tongue, emotion to the
heart.

Self-conscious thought creates the world
it lives in.

And makes that world according to
itself.

And here one in a row; Do you not see
 the right, to admonition the right
 to mind from matter? No, one man
 does not the failure to describe of
 the group's mind, he also will if

My dear Mr. Garrison
I have just received your letter of the 14th
and am glad to hear that you are well.

are not within the material influence of
science?

Yokohama

I can but answer that we find our time
Waiting for Science to discover more.
Science as yet is in her infancy -
Alas!

Epitaph

show, in the meantime, talent as not
these villages

20. The Great Interoception

Our philosophers can't seem to
grasp the temple, so to speak,
of our common, like the old
impression, as the light of
the temple like the light of the
but all such explorations are in vain
the temple or glass, in seeking such a
sense

empirical - for it is psychological,
governed by the nature of the
old mode of working. It is strict,
not Galilean. Although unknown to
sense,

Although unprovable to physicists,
the psychological phenomenon
that our thoughts and lives are
influenced

potencies which are above the
It has been proven every day, we think,
that appeal to our phenomena
through her scriptural and moral
in Smith's lecture on
in holy or unholy fires,
the citizens of the soul's empire,
the right, and the empire of the
senses

However mighty it may seem at times,
it is subordinate and temporal

... the ...
... of ...
... the ...

... probably immense ...
... tadpoles whose ...
... almost a miraculous ...
... the scale of being; after million ...
... ing years, to the prehensile ...
... ing grimaces of chatter ...
... to them, with ...
... that his own ...
... from the dim shades ...
... the past;

... what ... energy ...
... these man's particular ...
... enclosed ...
... to surpass all others in the ...
... evolution - then to master ...
... and scale the dizzy heavens with ...
... thought ...
... and the ...
... the long thoughts after the ...
... Veried Kepler;

... finding that all the ideas of his ...
... the Perfect Order, Harmonious ...
... ... through all the ...
... ...
... trace ourselves to ...

As to potential protoplasmic germs,
 We know that man is able to interpret
 The moods and overtones of nature, and even
 His empire over all material things,
 Because of spiritual supremacy,
 We know man is the only monarch in this
 Empire, -

That the flower-nourished bee still builds
 Its cells

As in the bowers of Eden, that the spider
 Still spins its snare by immemorial pat-
 terns,

The mollusks still spread its slimy drift
 As when the Argonauts first sought the Thracian

Man's physical creation matters little,
 Our sole concern his spiritual being.

Outside of his Eternal Prototype
 Man is the only imitator of God -
 The sole Imagination in the higher sphere -
 Alone in consciousness disinterested,

ambition;
 And his the solitary conscious eye
 To view the glorious handiwork of God.
 Though man cannot create organic life,
 Still he reflects Creative Power through

Of Form, Proportion, Order, as abstract-
 ions

In the manifestation of Creative Power.

The mind I have, with its and instincts;
Hence, spiritual aspirations, with, and
reason.

One stands and vainly wonders, like the other,
The other looks up & thinks and knows he
thinks.

With one, the only captivity is strong the
The other rides through mind and
character.

And mark it well - man is the only
being

Of Ideals, intellectual and moral,
This places him in sympathy with God,
And proves his spiritual origin and
kinship.

If there's a God, he must be good and
wise -

Else, he could not be God, I think
you'll grant.

So needs a God who is both good
and wise,

And you concede man's immortality?

If immortality is the consummation

Which is both good and wise for such
a being,

With such a half-developed earthly
life.

You ask what good is immortality?

Your own soul answers, if you will but
 listen,
 That in comparison with that one beam,
 and other good things, its nothingness,
 tells you, without it, is getting lost in
 and turn to ashes; but with it, assured,
 its glorious light gilds every gloom of life.
 Who can endure such for a few
 years
 - of sorrows and afflictions, if he knows
 this pilgrimage soon brings him to
 the goal
 of an immortal being? - Of what
 good?
 What else is there that you for man
 desire,
 compared with an eternal spiritual
 growth?
 Youth? It departs, never more to return.
 Riches and Power? They are but
 mockeries
 that gild but cannot blunt the thorns
 of pain.
 Friendship and Love? They are from
 the grave
 Larks can reach them with a wing
 shadow.

Must cause inevitable disclosure and show
From tiniest blade of grass to mightiest star
Nothing exists in vain, every part being
Though as an animal he is surpassed.
By many citizens of wood and field
But note how wonderfully he is made -
The bones and sockets, arteries and veins,
The hair, the skin, the muscles, hands & d.
Limbs,

The ears with their resonating walls
The eyes whose every glance is a miracle
Save in obedience to Divine Design -
The beating heart, the automatic lungs,
The structure, strength, and uses of all
organs

Adapted to their purpose, and none useless.
If man's brief body manifests such
wisdom,

Can we expect any greater for his mind?
Tell me, what purpose in the universe
Can man's self-conscious power of
thought subserve

If it be doomed to perish miserably
When his clay tenement dissolves to dust?
Is something independent and apart
From everything around him, unessential
And holding no relation to the order
Of the material universe he dwells in.

Could I see best suited to the next stage
 In the growth of the soul, how soon
 That spiritual development should cease,
 Could I see, you think, be satisfying
 To report the self-kindred and self-
 centeredness

Intelligence, at the immediate point
 In the development when they begin
 That to be able to appreciate
 And understand His spiritual universe,
 And to become potential sympathies
 In the evolution of His purposes?
 Surely a partial, luxurious failure
 For God's supremest creature!
 Our aspirations for a purer life,
 Our fierce ardor for our own
 Aspects,

Our sense of justice left unsatisfied,
 Our ideals of things coarser, nobler, better,
 That mortal life can furnish, at its
 best,

Our love which mortal life makes
 agony
 If the decaying frame must be the
 center,

Will show man's evolution spiritually
 Is just begun, - and never off
 completion.

It useless agony, a hideous dance
Of death and all!

Without our God, without immortal souls,
The crimes of a lifetime are more crimes,
The light of life a vile Pauline's Box,
And our very thought a cruel mockery!
Without our God, without immortal souls,
The vital law of usefulness which rules
The universe in harmony and beauty,
Would be the shadow of an accident -
Justice and goodness only idle myths
Sold at our price to deceive the
vulgar -

Duty, truth, conscience, all delusive
dreams,

These words from Sappho's Lyrics,
So be, repeated by later generations,
To whom the words of Christ or Solomon
were but, as crackling thorns or sounding
brass!

And selfishness would take the place of
God!

That's the outlook, or that
is the

For men and nations? Are not words too
weak

to put it to the test?

What a trial it has been to me to wait and
see how my dear friend would act, at last,
my faith was changed to faith, allaying
with suffering ^{to} firm and steadfast
patience!

It is the flow of life as stepping-stones
 are scattered in a stream, they are laid in
 a future to be made as the result
 of a moment in a and then gone.
 I should never work to make the
 good;

It was quite different from any I had
before. In fact, it was
a new, better, more interesting one. I
thought that this, perhaps, good old, long and
early.

Self-sacrificing love for others I have
felt not blindingly pure but one will
find mighty power in our existence
worldly,

1872-1873

10

A spiritual condition, a spiritual sense,
 Thus we discover that God loves all

Feb 20 1881

your pervasiveness and omnipotence
has done it as the history of man,
with the clearing of modern thought
for all human strivings and as it is
often even darknesses are to us as shadows.

Like the faint sunshine on our hearts,
shadows
Have intercepted by material objects,
do, while material forms express our
souls,
Hope has its haunting shadow, which is
Fear,
Belief its shadow, which is Doubt,
and even Faith its shadow, which is
Doubt.

But while the Fear, the Doubt, the
Doubt,
Have looked as shadows round the
feet of man,
they have been shadows only, and
the sunlight
has shined the souls of men through
all the world,
and man - man like that, that
santa,
or justly, hardly, faintly, - man,
santa

25. The Great Shepherd of Israel

Chapter I.

Jesus Christ

He is prophet, priest, and lord,
His promised portent heralded,
The true Messiah came upon earth,
And yet mankind knew not their Lord.

The true Messiah came to earth—
Not as a kingly conqueror comes,
In royal pomp and noise of drums,
But in low manger gave him birth.

For fisherman composed the crowd
With whom he moved in humblest guise,
For neither sword nor scepter
Nor sword nor scepter stained his hand.

He saw the strutting Caesar pass
Beside the poor little of the
Still as the insects of an hour
Or passing shadows on the grass.

Unlike all other princes born,
He valued not what men most prize,
He sought the lowly and the poor,
And those who were despised in sight.

Mountain View

7

And the sun, in its path, is seen
To rise, and to fall, and to rise again,
And the sun, in its path, is seen
To rise, and to fall, and to rise again,

Mountains seem to rise, and to rise
In the land, and to rise again,
Mountains seem to rise, and to rise
In the land, and to rise again,

Mountains seem to rise, and to rise
In the land, and to rise again,
Mountains seem to rise, and to rise
In the land, and to rise again,

The light of the sun, in its path, is seen
To rise, and to fall, and to rise again,
The light of the sun, in its path, is seen
To rise, and to fall, and to rise again,
Broadens its radiance, broadens its radiance,

No threatening storm, no lightning, no
No lightning, no lightning, no lightning,
No lightning, no lightning, no lightning,
The true Mountain, the true Mountain,

Its laws, its laws, its laws,
Are laws, its laws, its laws,

in many a room of love,
 the light of peace, and of a divine.

"And I, O Lord, am now a man, and I
 am now a man, and I am now a man,
 to him it is known." - Psalm

"I am a man, and I am now a man,
 I am a man, and I am now a man,
 I am a man, and I am now a man." - Psalm

"Let the Lord do that which is good in
 his sight." - Psalm

"The Lord thy God is with thee wherever
 thou goest." - Psalm

"Why should it be thought a sin, to
 say that you should have the dead?" - Psalm

"And, when a man is born, and
 a man the glory of the Lord, are changed
 into the same image from glory to glory,
 as by the Spirit of the Lord." - Psalm





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